THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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LETTER FROM IRELAND

Mr. T. O'Neill Russell Writes Interestingly About British and Continental Politics From the Irish Capital.

The Enormous Drain of Live Stock and Agricultural Produce From Ireland to England.

DUBLIN, Oct. 22.—Irish politics may be said to be at a stand still just now. The Home Rulers have not shown the least anger or excitement because of the lords having sat down so very heavily on their bill. It was known beforehand what would be the fate of home rule; so those who are for it—and they are an overwhelming majority of the Irish people—do not seem one bit disappointed at its defeat by the lords. They say that they have won a great moral victory; and that the lords have raised up such enmity to the upper house of British legislation that its existence will be only a matter of a few years more. It is true that there have been such a series of attacks made on the house of lords by the Liberal press of Great Britain as were never before directed against that institution, and all because of the defeat of the home rule bill. Liberal papers that were very luke-warm in their championship of home rule seem thoroughly roused against the lords since they overwhelmed the home rule bill by such an enormous majority against it. If the liberals win at the next elections, which are certain to take place some time next year, the house of lords will certainly be abolished, or its powers greatly curtailed. If the Tories go into office, it is almost certain that, in order to give the house of lords a new lease of life, and to give the masses something exciting to think about, a foreign war will take place—with some weak power if possible.

Political rancor was never so rife in British politics as it is now. The feud in Ireland between the Parnellites and the McCarthyites is only a milk-and-water affair, a baby-house quarrel, compared to the deep, black and seemingly never-to-be-extinguished hate that has come into existence between the Tories and Liberals all over the three kingdoms. In America, all or nearly all, party bitterness is forgotten by the press the day after election. Not so here. Leaders of both parties keep pitching into one another every week. The press lends its aid to keep the quarrel alive; and so things go on until politics have been brought into business and into the family circle. Never before have I noticed such bitterness in British politics. Home Rulers and Tories cannot be any more than even speaking acquaintances. Men who have been brought up in the same street, or in the same townland, who have never had an angry word except about politics, will hardly bow to each other when they meet. In fairness it has to be admitted that so far as I could see or hear, both in Great Britain and Ireland, the Tories are by far the more bitter. The next elections will, in my opinion, be the most bitter and most imporiant ever held in the country. If the Liberals win, Ireland gets home rule, and away goes the house of lords; if the Tories win, and the chances seem in their favor, political reaction sets in; England will join the Triple Alliance, if she has not done so already, and attack France. Russia will, of course, not stand idly by; so all Europe, it would really seem, is on the eve of the most gigantic war that ever shook the world. Heaven send that I may be a false prophet; but from the signs of the times, it appears, humanly speaking, impossible to avert war very much longer. The only possible way that now appears for averting war, is for Italy or Austria to withdraw from the Triple Alliance; for England will never go to war with great powers like Russia or France, unless she has the strongest allies on her side. Even Tory jingoism, had it full swing, would not be bold enough to fight France and Russia even with the help of Germany. There is always very great discretion in England when she fights; she wants strong allies.

There is great sorrow all over Ireland on account of the death of Marshal MacMahon. Although he never seemed to take any great interest in Ireland, it is nevertheless well known that he cherished strong affection for the land of his forefathers, and always took an active part when any collection was asked for Irish charitable objects. Much comment has been made on the fact of King Humbert of Italy having sent a most warmly worded message of condolence to the Marshal and his family a short time before he died, when his illness began to look serious. Some journals think that Humbert wants to withdraw from the Triple Alliance, and that he has taken the plan of sending a message of condolence to Marshal MacMahon to intimate to Germany and Austria that he does not wish to be any longer considered as an enemy to France. I greatly fear, however, that this news is far too good to be true. It may be, indeed, that the Italian government has begun to feel ashamed of being any longer an enemy of France, the country to which Italy owes its existence as a united nation.

To quit politics, let me say something about the weather and the crops here. Never, perhaps, has Ireland been blessed with such a glorious autumn as this. Here in Dublin the weather has been quite too dry. Water is getting very scarce. Never has any one seen such deceiving weather. It clouds up every two or three days, and people are expecting deluges. But instead of a deluge only enough rain falls to wet the streets and lay the dust. There has been but one decent fall of rain in Dublin since the 25th of July, and that was only a thunder shower that lasted about half an hour. There has, however, been considerably more rain in the centre and west of the country. Stockmen say that they have never seen cattle fatter than they are this fall here. The numbers of sheep, cattle and pigs that pass on the street where I live, on their way to England, is the most astonishing, incredible thing any one could see. Not one-fifth of the animals destined for the English market pass on my street; yet one would think that two Irelands could not supply them all. Not an hour, not a half hour of day or night, seems to pass that enormous droves of some kind of "critters" bound for England, are not to be seen. It must not be imagined by the Irish-American reader that those cattle are stall-fed, or fattened on turnips, oil-cake, maize, etc. No one stall-feeds cattle in Ireland now; or to be more exact, the number of stall-fed cattle is so few at not to be worth counting. There are not 10 per cent of the fat cattle that pass my door, that ever ate anything but grass and hay. They are generally so fat that they are hardly able to walk the mile and a half between where they arrive at the Broadstone station on the Midland Railway, and the English boats. No other country in the world of twice the size of Ireland, could raise so much food for man as Ireland can. It is, in fertility of soil, a wonder of wonders. Thirty-five thousand head of cattle, sheep and hogs combined is about the average weekly exportation of animals, from Ireland to Great Britain. Just imagine what Ireland loses by not having a home market for this enormous extra production. Just imagine all she loses by not having people enough to eat all those animals instead of sending them to England to be eaten. It can be easily seen how the very land of the country is being impoverished by this eternal drain of animals from it. What an amount of manure even their bones would make! The state of Illinois is about sixty per cent larger than Ireland, or 55,000 square miles against 32,000, yet I venture to say, without having the agricultural statistics of either Illinois or Ireland before me, that Ireland raises over twice as many cattle and sheep as Illinois does, and it is one of the most fertile states in the American Union. But it is not only in sheep, cattle and hogs that the drain of food is from Ireland. More than half the butter and eggs that Ireland raises go to Great Britain to be eaten, and half her potatoes are sure to go this year, for the crop is short in England. In spite of the enormous crop of potatoes that is here this year, they are by no means as cheap as they ought to be. They are 6 pence per 14 pounds, which is equal to about 50 cents a bushel, retail. Verily, Ireland is being bled to death—bled not only of men but of animals; but the greatest wonder of all is how she has stood the bleeding so long.

In my next I will give some information about wages, rents, prices of food and clothing, and the cost of living here. T.O.R.

IRISH BAG-PIPES.

[To the Editor.]

CHICAGO, Oct. 26.—SIR: I read with great interest the letter from Mr. John Ennis which tells of the increasing popularity of the Irish bagpipes in America. It is, indeed, refreshing to the weary heart of the exile to learn that "the sound of the dear old music, soft and sweet as in days of yore," will greet his ears here amid the noise and bustle of our busy life—reminding him of the days—

"When the boys and girls began to gather
In the glen of a summer night,
And the piper's merry tuning
Filled our hearts with wild delight."

Each one of us has a memory of the dance at the cross-road, on the Sunday evening, or the merry gathering in the kitchen or barn, which we joined in long ago; and the merry strain of the bag-pipes will bring up these dear old memories, and we will once again, in spirit, live in the old, beautiful land, and be, once more, among the pleasant and innocent boys and girls of dear old Ireland. Long then, may Mr. Ennis and his other friends breathe forth the "soul of song" from the ancient and loved musical instrument he plays, and loves and praises so much.

There is one point, however, to which I would call Mr. Ennis' attention, not with the object of being critical but in order to prevent errors creeping into the history of the beautiful melodies of our country. He refers to the "Coulin" as the masterpiece of Carolan. I wish to remind him that the "Coulin" was not composed by the immortal Bard Carolan, but was in existence long before the blind minstrel delighted the ears of the Connacht chieftains with his music. The song was first probably composed when it was made unlawful to wear the "Coulin" or long hair, and when the wearing of it was the symbol of the Celt and the foe of England, as the "Wearin' of the Green," was at a later date. This is what Moore refers to in his song to the air, "Though the Last Glimpse of Erin." Carolan is not the author of the "Coulin," nor was he the *last* bard, but he has laurels enough of his own. Hoping that my words may further stimulate an interest in Irish music. FRANCIS E. WALSH.

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Upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples and all other diseases caused by impure blood. It eradicates all impurity and tones and vitalizes the whole system.

IRELAND'S FERTILITY.

A Chicago Correspondent Writes Instructively on the Subject of Ireland's Agricultural Capabilities.

He Gives Statistics Which Plainly Show What the Irish Soil is Capable of Producing Under Favorable Conditions.

[To the Editor.]

CHICAGO, Oct. 27.—From a letter recently published in THE CITIZEN, and written by Mr. T. O. Russell of Dublin, I take the following sentences: "To give an idea of what the crops are here this year, the Duke of Leinster's steward told me that there was a field of oats near Maynooth that averaged twenty-five bushels to the statute, or American, acre. That was equal to 148½ bushels to the acre, counting the bushel thirty-three pounds." To very many people this simple statement will almost appear incredible. Many, even Irish, people will deny it outright. Many more will give it a sort of half admission, and say that while it may be true of one certain part of Ireland, it cannot be accepted as a standard of the general productiveness of the country. And yet, the statement is not alone entirely true, but much more might be added to prove the fertility of Ireland. In the "Industrial Resources of Ireland," published by Dr. Robert Kane fifty years ago, we are made acquainted with evidence of this character which is simply unanswerable. Here is the evidence of "Mr. Wakefield, who was himself an agriculturist of long experience, and on a great scale in England." Wakefield travelled in Ireland about the year 1810:

	Pounds.
Wheat in Waterford	4,200
Bere in Limerick	4,480
Barley in Kildare, Carlow and Meath	4,480
Oats in the East of Derry	4,832
Potatoes at Athboy, in Meath	72,100

From a statute acre of ground.

He says in another place: "A great portion of the soil of Ireland throws out a luxuriant herbage—springing from a calcareous subsoil without any considerable depth. This is one species of the rich soil of Ireland, and is found throughout Roscommon, in some parts of Galway, Clare, and other districts. Some places exhibit the richest loam I ever saw turned up with a plow; this is the case throughout Meath in particular. On the banks of the Fergus and Shannon the land is of a different kind, but equally productive, though the surface presents the appearance of marsh. "In the counties of Limerick and Tipperary there is another kind of rich land, consisting of a dark friable, dry, sandy loam. It is equally well adapted for grazing and tillage, and I will venture to say, seldom experiences a season too wet or a summer too dry." Speaking of the North of Ireland, he says: "Valleys of extraordinary fertility are found in every county, and I was not a little astonished amidst the rocky and dreary mountains of Donegal, where there was hardly a vestige of cultivation to find myself drop all at once into a district where the soil was exceedingly fertile." Poor Ireland has paid dearly for her fertility. As the ravisher's passions are still further excited by beauty and purity, so has the thirst of the robber, whether Dane or Norman, Cromwellian or Hanoverian, only become intensified by looking at Irish lands. They were all "astonished." Arthur Young, who was secretary to the Board of Agriculture—Great Britain—and travelled in Ireland in 1812, says: "It is the richest soil I ever saw, and such as is applicable to every wish. It will fatten the largest bullock (he was an Englishman, and was thinking about his stomach) and at the same time do equally well for sheep, for tillage, for turnips, for wheat, for beans, and, in a word, for every crop and circumstance of profitable husbandry. You must examine into the soil before you can believe that a country which has so beggarly an appearance, can be so rich and fertile." Had he said: "You must examine into the laws before you can understand why a country which is so rich and fertile has so beggarly an appearance," he would have epitomized the history of Ireland. Now, if the soil was capable of so much fruitfulness almost one hundred years ago when, as Dr. Kane remarks, "the mode of farming was in Ireland in 1812, such as made it a matter of wonder that any crop at all should be obtained," can we wonder in our own day at "a field of oats near Maynooth yielding 148 bushels per acre?"

Ireland contains 20,808,271 acres, statute measure, distributed according to the census of 1841, as follows:

Arable land	13,464,300
Uncultivated ground	6,295,735
Plantations	374,482
Under towns	12,929
Under water (lakes and rivers)	630,825

Of the uncultivated land, nearly three million acres were classed as bog, and nearly all this bog land was capable of being reclaimed when not needed for fuel. Very little of the mountainous land is actually beyond cultivation. The average elevation of Ireland above sea level is not quite five hundred feet, and only a very little is over six hundred. As proof of what the mountainous land is capable of, let us mention Mount Melleray, in Waterford. Previous to its occupancy by the Trappists it was regarded as wild moor land, and now it is a smiling garden. Of the six million acres of so-called waste land in Ireland, almost five millions might be turned to purposes of agriculture.

The population then (1841) was 7,839,469 people. The county of Armagh was taken as a standard, and showed that, although one-seventh of its surface was taken up with lakes and unprofitable land, yet it had a population of 220,653, which was better housed, fed and clothed than the people were in any other of the counties, and the soil, though poorly cultivated, was capable of supporting three times as many people. And yet, how often we hear it said, even by Irish people, "Oh, there isn't half enough of land for all the people in Ireland!"

It was hardly an exaggeration when the poet said "that in a climate soft as a mother's smile, and a soil fruitful as God's love, the Irish peasant mourns."

The Penal laws had done their work, and we are suffering today from some of their far-reaching influences. How humiliating it is to hear, even in America, Irish people speaking of their native land as a place where there was nothing "only hunger, poverty and misfortune." What can the intelligent foreigner say who hears them? The Mickey Frees and the Handy Andys belong to bygone days. If you cannot say a good word for the land that bore you, at least hold your tongue. T. J. F.

MR. EDWARD O. BROWN UNJUSTLY ASSAILED.

The attacks made on Mr. Edward O. Brown, candidate for judge of the superior court, by certain daily papers, on account of his alleged theories in regard to taxation, are illiberal in the extreme. Mr. Brown is not alone a capable and distinguished lawyer, but also a man of substance, who has made his way prosperously in this city, and has always been a credit to its citizenship. The American constitution gives the right of difference of opinion in this republic. There is no reason why Mr. Brown should be abused for exercising his legal privileges in a legal manner. Judges do not make the laws. They decide according to the law, and Mr. Brown's long experience as a lawyer, certainly qualifies him to fill the position he seeks with dignity and ability. It was an error, from the first, to make the present judicial tickets partisan. Judge Gary ought to have been indorsed by the Democrats, and their failure to indorse him has created a formidable break in their own party. Mr. Brown has been too long a resident of Chicago to be misjudged by his fellow-citizens. Editors of daily papers are, generally, men of sound opinions, but to argue that no man can honorably differ from them and seek office, is an intolerable assumption.

Mr. Brown is about 45 years of age, and was born in Salem, Mass. He is at present president of the Massachusetts Society of Chicago. He has never held political office, but has always been a zealous Democrat from principle. He is and has been for several years one of the vice-presidents of the executive committee of the Iroquois Club. He is also a member of the Chicago Literary Club, the University Club and the Columbus Club. Although of New England Puritan ancestry, he is a Catholic in religion. He lives with his family (he married Miss Helen Eagle, of Chicago, in 1884); a wife and five children, on the North Side. He was educated at Brown College, in Providence, R. I., where he was graduated in 1867, and afterwards was at the Harvard Law School at Cambridge, where he had the distinction of getting the first prize in 1869. He practiced law for two years in Providence, but came to Chicago in 1872 with Mr. Orville Peckham, his classmate in college, with whom for over twenty years now he has been associated in business under the firm name of Peckham & Brown. The firm now includes other members as well as Mr. Peckham and Mr. Brown, but retains the same name. The firm for years has been the solicitor of the First National Bank of Chicago, and is among the best known and prominent in the city. Mr. Brown has argued in the Supreme Court of this State cases at almost every term for many years, and on the present docket of that court has several cases. He was one of the counsel in the case of the Knickerbocker versus the People, where the constitutionality of the law establishing the Probate Court of Cook County was in question, and in the case involving the constitutionality of the Sanitary District law. Mr. Brown is also a member of the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, and has there argued several cases. His practice has been very general, except, perhaps, in criminal law, and he is extremely well known, therefore, at the bar and in business circles. He was prominently mentioned for Circuit Judge of the United States to succeed Gresham, the appointment going to Judge Jenkins because it was thought to be due to Wisconsin.

Something Interetting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farms. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

WHERE ARE WE AT?

That's the Question a "Fenian Veteran" Asks of "The Citizen" and of the Irish-American Public in General.

The Question, Like All Such, is More Easily Asked Than Answered—A Matter Worthy of Prayerful Study.

[To the Editor.]

What is the use of kicking against the "Queen's O'Connor," the "Queen's O'Driscolls," the "Queen's Blakes" and the "Queen's Shanks?" The Queen's Irish are in the ascendant everywhere. Outside of THE CITIZEN, the New York *Tablet*, the *Irish Pennsylvanian*, the *Catholic Advocate*, of Fall River, Mass., and the *Hibernian*, edited by J. J. O'Connor, in St. Louis, Mo., I don't know of a newspaper dependent mainly on the Irish for support that is not a belly-crawling worshipper of William E. Gladstone. Every Irish hero in the history of our country is only a star of lesser magnitude in comparison to the great English leader. In public speeches, in addresses to the Irish-American people, and on the floor of the British house of commons, McCarthy and his colleagues have declared that Gladstone's bill can be accepted by the Irish as a final settlement of their claims against England. When driven to a corner by Irishmen who could not stomach so monstrous a pill, without sugar, the Queen's Irish representatives say the bill has the principle of finality in it. The very principle of the bill is wrong from first to last. The great underlying obstacle to the finality of this settlement is the very fact that it is founded on a British act of parliament. If Ireland were a colony, the offspring of British lions, and demanding responsible government, the bill would be well and good. On the contrary, never till now, did Irish tongue proclaim, or Irish mind conceive, that Ireland was not a nation separate and distinct from England in all that goes to make a nation. You and I and every one of us who ever heard the story of our country, whether taught orally at the fireside, or conned in the pages of the historian, know full well that Ireland had always claimed to have a constitution of her own, founded on the inherent national rights of her own people, and not dependent on the legislative power of any country under heaven. The parliament of 1689, known as the "Patriot Parliament," declared its complete independence of the British parliament, and before pledging support to James II. forced that monarch to acknowledge that independence. Henry Grattan, strong constitutionalist as he was, says of that Irish parliament:

"Though Papists they were not slaves. They wrung a constitution from King James before they accompanied him to the field."

In the first Protestant Irish parliament, that of 1692, a bill was received from London imposing certain duties. It was contemptuously rejected by the Irish house of commons with the simple but terse endorsation, "This said bill had not its rise in this house." In his declaration of rights Henry Grattan said: "The kingdom of Ireland is a district kingdom, with a parliament of her own, the sole legislature thereof—that there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind the nation but the king, lords and commons of Ireland—nor any parliament which hath any authority or power of any sort whatever in this country, save only the parliament of Ireland; to assure his majesty that we humbly conceive that in this right the very essence of our liberty exists—a right which we, on the part of all the people of Ireland, do claim as our birthright, and which we cannot yield but with our lives."

We talk now about England's acknowledgment of the principle of Irish self-government. The Renunciation act 23 Geo. III. cap 28, passed in acquiescence to Grattan's above Declaration of Rights, says: "That the said right claimed by the people of Ireland to be bound only by laws enacted by his majesty and the parliament of Ireland, shall be, and is hereby declared to be established and ascertained for ever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable." What clearer acknowledgment do you want than that? But it was a poor bar to English greed and perfidy. Now we are asked to throw up our hats and prostrate ourselves before an Englishman, who was forced by Irish courage, unity and firmness to abandon a more coercive regime than that of Balfour and to adopt as a safer British policy a measure of justice and conciliation towards Ireland. We found the means and methods to convince Englishmen that it was safer to treat with Ireland than to try to crush her hitherto undreamed of moral and physical power. Now we are asked to throw away those successful means and methods, and trust the future destinies of Ireland to the sweet good will of the converted coercionist, Mr. Gladstone.

Those who still believe that Ireland cannot accept a constitution, based on the act of a foreign parliament, without signing away her own liberent rights as an independent nation, are hounded down as visionaries, if not as traitors to the cause. If we accept the doctrines of McCarthy and the cockney dudes who come here to blow about the British empire, what right have we to object to the flag which they acknowledge to be their flag—the emblem of the empire to which they profess and have sworn allegiance. My old home, Waterford, has disgraced itself by conferring the freedom of the city on Lord Roberts, a man who would as readily mow down a regiment of Irish patriots as he would a clan of Afghan highlanders. The great Irish Nationalist organ, the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, applauds the action of the Waterford flunkies, and says: "Irishmen themselves have, on the other hand, been proud of Lord Roberts."

We feel assured that the people of Ireland will add to the honor conferred on him by the Waterford corporation their congratulations to the distinguished soldier on a brilliant career marked by thoroughness and ability, and wish that for many years to come he may continue to worthily represent our country in the British army."

"Our Empire," "Our Army in India," "Our Navy in the Mediterranean," so-called Irish patriots getting called to the English "baw;" Gladstone the whilom coercionist canonized as the liberator of Ireland; the freedom of an Irish city conferred on a English soldier for fighting against men in whose success every true Irishman would rejoice; our whole national spirit lost in this d—d rut of British politics—in face of all these signs of the times, it is proper to ask: "Where the devil are we at?"

FENIAN VETERAN.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30, 1893.

MR. ABNER SMITH.

Mr. Abner Smith, the distinguished lawyer nominated by the Republican county convention for judge of the Circuit court, was born in Orange, Mass., on Aug. 4, 1843, and has been twenty-five years a resident of, and a practicing attorney and counsellor-at-law in, this city. When but a child, his parents removed to Middlebury, Vt.; where Young Abner was reared, graduating from the college in that place in 1866. Speaking of his family an eastern biographer says: "The family of Abner Smith, of Vermont, is connected with that of the old and distinguished Massachusetts Ward family. Abner and four brothers and two sisters are descendants on the maternal side from Wm. Ward, of Sudbury, Mass., and more immediately from Sylvanus Ward, of Orange, Mass., where most of the children were born. William Ward settled in Sudbury in about 1638, and his descendants are numerous, and are notable people in Massachusetts and elsewhere. The collateral branches of the different generations which have passed away, and the many which still live, have been and are uniformly substantial and upright people, whose careers are intensely interesting to the student of today, since their fame lives in history, and their deeds are chronicled in story. The numerous family lines of subsequent offspring have spread over the length and breadth of the country, and their scions have won distinction in many walks of life."

In college, Mr. Smith was a candid, earnest, receptive and reliable student, and maintains these characteristics to this day. After graduating, he taught school for a time, but in 1867 came to Chicago and entered the law office of J. S. Stark—a son of Vermont, by the way, and a descendant of the famed Col. Stark, who came to the aid of Maj. Gen. Ward, Mr. Smith's ancestor, at the outbreak of the Revolution. Here he completed his law studies, was admitted to practice, and formed a partnership with Mr. Stark under the title Stark & Smith, which continued until the death of Mr. Stark in 1872, when Mr. Smith succeeded to the business and settled the estate of the former.

In 1877 he formed a partnership with John M. H. Burgett, under the firm name and style of Smith & Burgett, which lasted ten years. Since then he has had other partners, but most of the time has been alone, so that his success has been wholly wrought by his individual efforts. His advancement in his chosen profession has been of slow but steady growth, rather than sudden and meteoric, and his large practice has come to him as a result of inherent worth and integrity. His professional work has been largely confined to the handling of important chancery cases, and to practice in the higher courts in litigation where large interests were at stake.

Personally, Mr. Smith is quiet and dignified in demeanor, yet with most cordial manners in social intercourse. He has never sought public office, and his candidacy now for the judgeship on the Republican ticket, is in no sense of his own seeking. Naturally such a man, known and honored for his personal worth, as well as for his professional and ability, and who has never been an "offensive partisan," has warm friends among men of all parties. Indeed it was from such support, as well as from the Republican convention, that the present nomination for circuit judge, full term, came to him. In physique Mr. Smith is a typical American gentleman, strong and full of energy and magnetism.

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THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued).

A dreary night was that passed by Edmund in the noisome crowded cell into which he was thrown. His wedding night!—in what might be called his condemned cell, herded with unfortunates situated like himself, breathing a hot, tainted air, parched by a burning thirst, overwhelmed by the bitterness of his lot, and ten times more by the thoughts of Kathleen's misery! He had seen her conducted, like himself, to jail, but knew nothing more of her.

He had been nigh two months in prison when one day he was conducted, among a crowd of other prisoners, in the midst of a strong escort, to the courthouse for trial. The courthouse was the venerable Franciscan monastery on St. Stephen's Island, now converted into one of "Cromwell's slaughter-houses," as the iniquitous places of Puritan "justice" were then termed. His trial was a short one. Thrust into the dock on the capital charge of raising a weapon against a soldier of the Parliament, the proofs against him were deemed indisputable, and he was sentenced to be hanged, said sentence to be carried out on the second morning following. He was then taken out of the dock and escorted back to his prison, being spared the agony of witnessing another trial that commenced and ended within half an hour after his leaving the court.

A number of females, both maids and matrons, were placed in the dock on the charge of knowing the place of concealment of a priest and not disclosing it to the authorities. Among these unhappy criminals was Kathleen, pale as death. The bloated judge on the bench commented warmly on the gravity of the offense, and then awarded the full punishment which the law prescribed, viz, each of the delinquents was to be publicly whipped, and further punished by the amputation of the ears!

A chorus of piteous shrieks and cries for mercy arose from the unhappy culprits ere they were tempted to make room for fresh victims.

A strange circumstance happened to our hero on his way back to prison. He was mechanically stalking along in the midst of the musketeers, when the officer in command of the escort, who rode somewhat in front of him, happened to turn his head and gaze in his direction. He at once recognized the English officer and quondam royalist, Captain Willoughby, whose life he had been instrumental in saving in the streets of Galway eight years before, and with whom he had made the fatal voyage which was interrupted by the demoniac Swanley. The way in which his glance was returned assured him that the recognition was mutual, and that same evening he he was not surprised to receive a visit in his cell—now lonely, and unoccupied save by himself—from his former acquaintance.

"Well, my friend, so fate has thrown us together again, though for the last time it seems," said Willoughby, on entering; "I never dreamt of seeing you more, and started not a little when I caught sight of your face today. Ah, you are surprised at seeing me in this uniform. My faith, I ne'er expected to wear it, but times change, and men and principles change with them. But I grieve to find you in doleful dumps again—tell me, prithee, how comes your present misfortune?"

Edmund briefly narrated his case, omitting not the story of his marriage and the wretched predicament of his bride. As he concluded, his interlocutor arose and shook his head gravely.

"Your case," he said, "is a serious one, but you saved my life, and, believe me, Anthony Willoughby will work heaven and earth to save you from the hangman's cord, if only for the sake of that brave, bonnie lass who is now your wife. Coote is terribly strict and relentless, but I am a favorite of his, and I will do my best for you. He is now at Loughrea; I will post there tomorrow at cockcrow, and mayhap be back here again at noon—heaven send—with good tidings. Till then farewell."

And the good-intentioned officer departed.

After having passed a weary, restless night the captive was aroused at the gray dawn of morning by a long and loud roll of drums under his cell window. The little unglazed and doubly-barred aperture which admitted light and air to his dungeon commanded a view of the jail quadrangle below. On looking down he witnessed a mournful scene—one of the first executions which distinguished the Cromwellian reign of terror in Galway. On three sides of the quadrangle gleamed the steel caps and corselets of serried ranks of soldiery, and at the dead wall which formed the fourth side of the square stood a tall man, of rich attire and noble appearance, confronting a a grim file of musketeers. Scarcely had Edmund's gaze taken in the spectacle when the sabre of a mounted officer glittered in the air as he gave the death signal, the volley blazed from the levelled muskets, and the victim lay a corpse on the payment. Our hero turned away with a cold shudder from the window. He had witnessed the execution of Lord Theobald Burke, Viscount Mayo, on the charge of participation in an alleged massacre of Protestants at Shrule, on the borders of Mayo, at the commencement of the war.

This execution was followed by others. Nigh a half dozen times, in rapid succession, the loud fusilade that announced the parting of a human soul rolled and reverberated through the courtyard—a noble Milesian, Col. Edmund O'Flaherty, of Moycullin, being among those sent to their last account.

The executions being over for the time being, the soldiers marched away to their various quarters, the cart containing the victims' bodies rumbling in their rere. And now the courtyard presented a scene scarcely less pitiable than that just described. Numbers of the slain men's friends and relatives filled the air with the most plaintive cries of lamentation, and threw themselves on the bloody pavement in the frantic violence of their grief. Around each of the lower windows of the prison was collected a crowd of excited people holding converse through the bars with their imprisoned friends. Most impressive spectacle of all was that exhibited in a retired corner of the yard, where several children were kneeling before a grating in the wall. Behind the grating were dimly visible a purple robe and a mild and venerable countenance, while a pair of lean, slender hands, protruded between the bars, resting a while on each little head as the children, both boys and girls, approached the aperture in turn. It was the venerable Francis Kirwan, "the model of a pious bishop," now at length a prisoner, administering the Sacrament of Confirmation!

The day wore on, and shortly after noon the Cromwellian soldiery again marched with martial clank and tramp into the quadrangle, and formed a hollow square, in the midst of which two or three of their number now set about erecting a strange contrivance—nothing else than the dogging frame of the day, the well known "halberts." Three halberts, or long-handled axes, were bound in the form of a triangle, and held erect on the ground—on which the base of the triangle rested—by two strong men, a fourth halbert being fastened horizontally to the frame at about three feet from the ground.

The arrangement being completed there was a loud roll of drums and flourish of trumpets, and then a pursuivant with stentorian lungs called upon all loyal subjects of the Parliament to witness the punishment of enemies of the public peace and religion. Hardly had he finished his speech when a postern door of the prison opened, and two stalwart troopers appeared, leading between them the first victim of the lash. This was an old man of patsiarchal aspect, whose only garment was now a pair of pantaloons, and who blanched and tottered as his conductors thrust him rudely forward. He was immediately bound to the triangle, and a sturdy drummer, divesting himself of his tunic and baring his arms, stood by with the degrading scourge in his hand. The lash whizzed and descended, leaving a long bleeding streak to mark its fall, and stripe succeeded stripe until the old man's back was one red and lacerated wound, the continuous roll of the drums drowning the victim's cries, if there were any. The flogger now took a large pair of scissors from the hand of an assistant. O'Tracy, who from his cell window was an indignant witness from the revolting scene, turned away his head in horror and disgust. When he looked again the victim was being borne back into the prison, and he noticed that where the old man's ears had been there were now only two ghastly, livid wounds, trickling blood! The sentence of the infamous law had been completed.

But now a loud murmur of pity and indignation ran around the quadrangle, outside the bristling lines of steel, where dense masses of the Galway folks were assembled, drawn by the morbid craving of human nature for the horrible, to witness the barbarous exhibition. All eyes were turned on the postern door, through which the form of the second victim was now emerging—a form almost divine in its exquisite beauty and symmetry. A young and lovely female, her face and neck suffused with a burning blush of outraged modesty, and her dishevelled hair falling in heavy masses over her fair shoulders, was being dragged forward by two troopers—forward into the gaze of the ruffianly array—forward to the fatal triangle.

For a moment O'Tracy gazed, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his whole frame paralyzed by the violence of his emotion.

Blessed heaven! It was his own darling wife! His own Kathleen! His own cherished Wild Rose of Lough Gill!

In a moment his brain seemed on fire, and he was seized by a wild, fierce paroxysm of madness and despair. He grasped the bars of the window and endeavored with all his frantic strength to tear them from their sockets, but in vain. He rushed to his cell door and battered with his hands on the stout oaken panels. Again he rushed at the window like a caged wild beast, and tore at the bars as if with the strength of Sampson, until a large portion of masonry fell from the window sill into the yard below.

"Kathleen! Kathleen!" he shouted, in a voice that rang high above all other sounds.

Hearing his voice, Kathleen looked up, recognized him and uttered a piercing scream that seemed to cleave his heart asunder. Then the whole dread picture without danced for a moment before his eyes, and he fell back insensible on the floor of the cell.

Had he been strong enough to bear the dread scene half a minute longer, he should have seen his beloved snatched from the very jaws of misery and degradation. For a mounted officer, whose horse was steaming and exhausted, rode into the square, leaped from his saddle, and tossed an official-looking document to the provost marshal who presided.

"Hold!" cried Captain Willoughby, whofe arrival was so opportune; "the punishment is stopped. Here is the order for this poor girl's release, and also the pardou of her lover—both papers signed by Sir Charles Coote. Water, men, for heaven's sake! The poor thing has fainted."

* * * * *

Great and prodigious was the bustle again on the quays of Galway. Not, indeed the blithe and cheery bustle of commerce, but the sad bustle of an exodus—the exodus of the Irish soldiers. The bone and sinew of military Ireland—the fragments of the dashing battalions that had opposed Monroe at Benburb, and Cromwell at Clonmel, and Ireton at Limerick—were going into exile. In order to get rid of the fighting Hibernians in as peaceable a manner as possible, the English parliament had given permission to the Continental Powers to send their agents to recruit in Ireland for the soldiers whose valor and prestige were so well known and appreciated throughout Europe. France, Spain and Poland had sent their agents, who discharged their duties with such effect, that in the two or three years following the fall of Galway, no less than 34,000 Irishmen quitted their native shores—most of them, poor fellows, doomed to leave their bones on a foreign battlefield. The number of men now embarking at Galway made up quite an army, being no less than seven thousand strong, and all recruited by a Don Ricardo White for service in the Spanish army.

All along the wharves lay the stately vessels that were to convey the gallant swordsmen into exile. All along the wharves was a dense crowd of men, women and children—a sad, excited and tearful multitude. Many and mournful were the partings—partings of father and son, of brother and sister, of lover and beloved, of loving and devoted Irish hearts now to be sundered forever. A melancholy burden of sorrowful and bitter wailing filled the air.

"Good bye, Captain Willoughby; good bye, and God bless you!"

"Heaven bless and preserve our benefactor!"

"Good bye, friends. Heaven grant you a safe voyage, and bless and prosper you in the land across the sea!—good bye!"

The chivalrous English officer shook the hands of our hero and heroine for the last time, and then disappeared in the crowd. With his wife leaning on his arm, Edmund moved along the quays in the direction of the ship which was to bear him to Spain. As the pair quitted Irish soil for the last time Kathleen burst into tears. Tenderly her husband supported her across the connecting gangway. On gaining the vessel's deck, Edmund was greeted by a familiar voice—that of General Philip O'Reilly of Cavan, who shook him warmly by the hand.

"What, General O'Reilly! You going out, too?"

"Yes, with the relics of my brigade, to serve his Catholic Majesty. Things have gone wrong with me, Captain; I fear the star of the O'Reillys has set—at home at least. My kinsman, the Slasher, slain at Finae, my brother Miles sabred by Venables' troopers at Ballyconnell, my son Hugh Roe killed on his own native Breffnian soil, and myself attainted by Cromwell's Act. Alas for the old blood! Well, thank God, my own good wife is left me—she is in the cabin just now—and who knows what good luck heaven may send the poor exiles? Anyhow, I am glad we make the voyage together."

There was a movement in the crowd on the quays as the people drew aside to make way for a melancholy procession. A double file of Parliamentarian soldiers, both pikemen and musketeers, appeared, conducting between them a number of clergy, lay and secular, the two foremost of whom were two venerable prelates, the Archbishop of Tuam and the Bishop of Killala. The persecuted clergy were thus being conducted like convicts on board the ship, which was to convey them also into exile—a vessel bound for the port of Nantes.

"Oh God, help us! Oh God, pity the poor Irish race!" exclaimed O'Reilly; "forth we go in sorrow, priests and people, exiles from the sweet and holy land of our birth, Eire of the green hills and bright rivers. But God send we may return—ay, we shall return with the vengeance of heaven in our swords, and our native land shall run red with the blood of the Saxon!"

Alas, for the brave Milesian's prophecy! Scarcely had he served with his brigade three years in the Netherlands when he died, and his remains were laid with kindred dust in the cloisters of the Irish monastery at Louvain.

"Of course you retain your rank—you go out as a captain?" inquired O'Reilly of our hero.

"Yes," responded the latter; "Don Ricardo has made that all right at least, whatever the fortune of war may chance to send me on the foreign battlefield."

Clang, clang, clang, chimed and jingled the bells that summoned the departing soldiers on board their respective ships.

"All aboard! all aboard!" sounded the command along the quay.

A wild and pathetic outburst of sobs and cries; a multitude of fervid embraces, "such as press the life from out young hearts;" a shower of parting kisses on pallid lips; a rending asunder of fond and devoted bosoms—and in a short time the last Irish soldier was embarked.

Then one by one the transports weighed anchor, and bore with swelling sail out of Galway Bay, the departure of the vessels being saluted with one last, great and heartrending storm of lamentations from the crowd on the wharves—a loud and bitter wail similar to the "women's parting cry" which in later days marked the departure of the troops of King James from Limerick.

Tender and beautiful was the summer evening as the little fleet of transports bore southward on the western coast of Ireland; but sad and deep was the sigh wafted shoreward from many a manly heart, as the exiles for the last time looked, with dim eyes, on the land of their birth, each and all with a vague hope of returning:

"But the eyes that had wept o'er their vanishing track
Ne'er brightened to welcome the wanderers back;
The home of their youth was the land of the slave,
And they died on that shore far away o'er the wave."

* * * * *

One more picture—the last and the brightest.

A magnificent state ball in the Escurial—a ball given by Philip the Fourth, in celebration of some of his greatest victories. The splendid apartments of the palace of the Spanish kings were filled with a gay assemblage of rank and honor. Haughty grandees of the *sangue azul* of Castile, distinguished soldiers fresh from the Netherlands, famous and talented men whose names are now immortal, radiant beauties of the Spanish court glittering in diamonds and pearls, steel-clad halberdiers of the Royal Guard, stewards, pages and servitors—all were mingled in a brilliant and picturesque throng. The air, laden with perfume, was enlivened with the stirring strains of a military band; hundreds of lamps and tapers flung their light round the gilded saloons and over the moving variegated crowd that filled them, and all was music and glitter, bustle and animation.

"*Hola, amigo mio*, who have we here?" inquired one stately mustachioed hidalgo of a fellow-noble.

He pointed to a lady and gentleman who, linked arm in arm, were moving in the midst of the merry throng. The gentlemen had a frank and sunburnt countenance, which, with his free and erect deportment and the deep scar on his temple, proclaimed the soldier. His partner was of singular grace and beauty. She had a strikingly handsome and amiable face, lighted up with a pair of dark, lustrous eyes; her wealth of brown hair was dressed and jewelled after the manner of the time: and her skin was fairer than that of the Castilian and Andalusian dames who surrounded her.

"*Les conosco* (I know them), replied the courtier questioned; "it is Don Edmundo O'Tracy and his lovely wife. *Vamos*, Rodriguez! Surely you must have heard of the brave Irish soldier who distinguished himself so nobly at Gravelines and Dunkirk?"

"Ah, *caramba*! I've heard of him. *Gracios a Dios*, what a fine figure! They say he is high in favor with the king. Well, he is worthy of the honor; those Irishmen are born soldiers."

And the reader will echo the Spaniard's sentiment—*sic bene merenti palma*.

The hidalgo's observations were correct. With the sword of an Irish soldier Edmund O'Tracy had carved his way to honor and distinction, his longcherished *chateaux en Espagne* had become sound and substantial edifices, and comfort, happiness and prosperity had at length blessed his union with his loving Wild Rose of Lough Gill.

[THE END.]

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

SHARP BEGGARS AND DULL ONES.

Alms Solicitors Who Choose Between the Entrances of a Cafe.

A well patronized restaurant in the neighborhood of the city hall has an entrance on two populous thoroughfares. In front of the one on the north a lean and whining beggar nightly stands with outstretched hand. He makes no audible complaint, but mutters incessantly in a tone that excites the imagination into conjuring up every horror that waits upon excessive poverty. In spite of this he fares badly, for more men come out of this door than enter by it, and as their stomachs are full the thought of hunger in others obtains no abiding place within their minds.

At the down town entrance there loiters, when the lounging policeman is not in sight, a beggar of another breed. He is sleek and round, with a fat and shiny face and a merry twinkle in his lazy eyes. More than once the writer caught him concealing a cigar behind his back while he extended the other hand in a beseeching way for alms. His sole prayer is for food, intermingled with fervent protestations that he is starving, and that he never drinks a drop of strong liquor. Many men hurrying into the restaurant with a poignant appetite are touched by his prayers and pause long enough to drop a coin into his hand.

It is clear that the sleek beggar knows that a hungry man is more apt to be touched by the hunger of others than he who is well fed, and so he chooses as his workshop the door at which the patrons of the restaurant enter, leaving the one through which they leave to the stupid fellow whose need, like enough, is as great as his mumbled prayers for charity would indicate.—New York World.

The Thrifty Japanese.

What is the reason that Japan has no poverty problem? One reason is probably to be found in the land system, which has given to every worker a holding and encouraged him to supply his wants by his own labor. There is, too, in Japan a curious absence of ostentatious luxury.

The habits of living are in all classes much the same, and the rich do not outshine the poor by carriages, palaces and jewelry. The rich spend their money on curios, which, if these are costly, is limited, and the most popular agitation is against the big European houses which ministers build for themselves. Wealth is thus not absorbed and is more ready for investment in remunerative labor. The last reason which occurs to the mind of a traveler with comparatively few opportunities for forming opinions is the equality of manners in all classes. Rich and poor are alike courteous. It is not possible to distinguish employer from laborer by their behavior. All are clean: all are easy; all are restrained.

The governor lets his child go to the common school and sit next to the child of the casual laborer, certain that his child will pick up no bad manners and get no contamination in thought or in person. This equality enables rich and poor to meet as friends, and gifts can pass without degradation. The rich nobles in the country, just as the university men with whom we met in Tokio, are thus able to give to those whom they know to be in need, and friendship becomes the channel of charity. The question is, Will this survive the introduction of the industrial system? It is possible that some of it may and that Japan may teach the west how to deal with the poor. —Fortnightly Review.

The Electric Capstan.

An expert in railway matters declares that the day is not far distant when the switching engine will be entirely done away with, its place being taken by the electric capstan. The latter is already in use to a certain extent on some of the Pennsylvania lines. The motor, which actuates the capstan by means of gearing, runs at the rate of some 1,200 revolutions per minute, and the gearing motor and switch of the capstan are all contained in a watertight iron case, the top of which comes flush with the ground. There is a cover to it which is readily removable, so as to give easy access to the motor for oiling and cleaning. The wires containing the current for the motor are carried through an iron pipe below the surface of the ground, and the switch for starting and stopping the motor is operated readily by the foot of the attendant in charge of the capstan.—New York Sun.

Pascal's Early Observation.

Blaise Pascal, who wrote a remarkable treatise on the laws of sound, was constantly observing the familiar occurrences about him, even as a boy. When he was only 10 years old, he sat at the dinner table one day striking his plate with his knife and then listening to the sound.

"What are you doing with that plate, Blaise?" asked his sister.

"See," he replied. "When I strike the plate with my knife, it rings. Hark!"

Again he called forth the sound.

"When I grasp it with my hand so," he continued, "the sound ceases. I wonder why it is?"—Youth's Companion.

The Sturdy Camel.

A camel has twice the carrying power of an ox. With an ordinary load of 400 pounds he can travel 12 or 14 days without water, going 40 miles a day. They are fit to work at 5 years old, but their strength begins to decline at 25, although they usually live to 40. The Tartars have herds of these animals, often 1,000 belonging to one family. They were numerous in antiquity, for the patriarch Job had 3,000. The Timbuctoo or Meharri breed is remarkable for speed and used only for couriers, going 800 miles in eight days with a meal of dates or grain at nightfall.—Exchange.

Perverse Man.

Wife—My husband is the queerest man.

Friend—In what respect?

Wife—Why, before he married me I couldn't get him to leave the house before 12 o'clock, and since I can't get him to come to it before that time.—Detroit Free Press.

Historic Houses of Washington.

To most visitors Washington is only the seat of government, and interesting merely because of the department buildings, the White House and the capitol. Having seen these, with the National museum and the Smithsonian institution, tourists go away content. They do not pause to think that nearly all the great men of the nation have at one time or another had homes at the capitol, and have here done a very large share of the work that has made them famous.

Yet so true is this that no other city on this continent is so rich in historical associations, and these associations are in the homes of the capital. They cluster around houses that have sheltered the makers of the republic and are involved with those personal incidents that are the most fascinating part of history. Some of these spots are remote from the portions of the city now frequented by visitors.

Georgetown, which flourished before Washington was laid out even on paper, and whose older inhabitants still look down on all the region east of Rock creek with pitying scorn, has a large number of fine old buildings, several of them richly stored with relics of the Revolutionary period.

Capitol hill, at the other extremity of the city, is justly proud of the fact that General Washington designed it to be the site of the great metropolis that should bear his name; that the capitol faces eastward; that every president at his inauguration takes the oath of office looking toward the dignified old part of the city and not toward the pretentious new part, of which Capitol hill feels an ill disguised jealousy.—Scribner's.

Bicycle Laws In Zurich.

A correspondent at Zurich, Switzerland, gives a translation from the daily paper of the city's laws concerning bicycling. Bicycling is only allowed upon written permission issued to competent riders. This permission must be carried by the rider. It contains his name, occupation, date of birth, place of nativity and address, and it costs 2 francs a year. Racing is forbidden, and in narrow streets the rider must dismount. Special stress is laid upon the speed of the machine.

On crowded streets, turning corners, the rider must go slow. He must not ride without using the handles of his machine to steer by. He must ring his bell in ample time, and if that is not heeded he must politely warn the pedestrian. Care must be taken not to worry or frighten the foot passenger. On a single seated bicycle not more than one person may sit. More than two bicycles are not permitted to ride abreast. On holidays, when the streets are crowded, bicycling is not permitted at all.

On the other hand, the bicycle shares with other vehicles the privileges of the road. Should the rider be the cause of an accident to a pedestrian he must dismount, render what assistance lies in his power and give his name and address to an officer, together with a written report of the matter.—Chicago Journal.

Reason For Rejoicing.

When Wesley and Nelson were traveling through Cornwall, from common to common, preaching to a people who heard willingly, but seldom or never proffered them the slightest acts of hospitality, they were frequently hungry.

They were detained some time at St. Ives because of the illness of one of their companions, and their lodging was little better than their fare.

"All that time," says Mr. Nelson, "Mr. Wesley and I lay on the floor. He had my greatcoat for his pillow, and I had Burkitt's 'Notes on the New Testament' for mine.

"After being here nearly three weeks, one morning about 3 o'clock, Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding me awake clapped me on the side saying: 'Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer! We have much to rejoice in. I have one whole side yet, for the skin is only off one side.'"—Youth's Companion.

Mistress and Maid.

"Marie, has any one called while I have been out?"

"Yes, ma'am; Mr. Pommier."

"Mr. Pommier? I don't know any one of that name."

"I know that, ma'am; it was me he came to see."—Domino Rose.

TO STOP THE PROGRESS of Consumption, you will find but one *guaranteed* remedy—Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In advanced cases, it brings comfort and relief; if you haven't delayed too long, it will certainly cure. It doesn't claim too much. It won't make new lungs—nothing can; but it will make diseased ones sound and healthy, when everything else has failed.

The scrofulous affection of the lungs that's caused Consumption, like every other form of Scrofula, and every blood-taint and disorder, yields to the "Discovery." It is the most effective blood-cleanser, strength-restorer, and flesh-builder that's known to medical science. In all Bronchial, Throat, and Lung Affections, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

A perfect and permanent cure for your Catarrh—or $500 in cash. This is promised by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

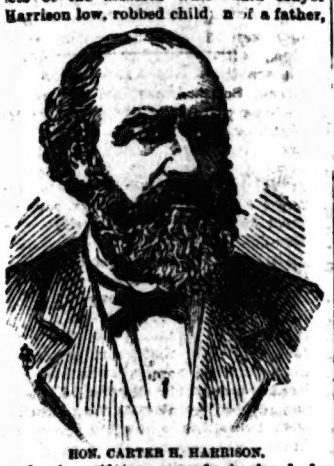
Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—I say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 20 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address. Prof. W. H. PEERY, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

CHICAGO IN MOURNING.

HER CHIEF MAGISTRATE SLAIN BY AN ASSASSIN.

The Murderer's Conduct at the Inquest Held at the Residence of His Victim—The Assassination a Premeditated One—Scene at the Death.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—The World's fair city is shrouded in gloom, owing to the foul assassination of its chief magistrate. Telegrams of condolence have been pouring in upon the family of the dead man from all parts of the country. The bullets of the assassin which laid Mayor Harrison low, robbed child and of a father,



HON. CARTER H. HARRISON.

and a beautiful woman of a husband—for the mayor was to marry Miss Annie Howard of New Orleans in a few days. Miss Howard was in the city and reached the side of her intended a few minutes after he died. The mayor had been at the World's fair all day and at dinner at his home was in a happy humor. There came a ring at the front door bell. The servant went to the door and threw it open. In the light from the open doorway stood a small, shabby man. He wore a faded suit of dark clothes. The short coat was buttoned tightly about him. He did not remove his slouch hat. This sheltered his eyes. His nose was sharp, his lower jaw small and retreating. His lips twitched nervously. When he spoke it was the mumble of a vagabond asking for alms. He wished to see Mayor Harrison. The maid understood that much. She told him that the mayor was at his dinner, to come again later. The man hesitated a moment. Then he muttered that he would return.

He Kept His Word.

When the door bell rang a second time the mayor had finished dinner. He was lying down in the library at the left of the front door as one would enter the house. His son had gone upstairs. The daughter had retired to her room. The man was admitted. The maid understood him to say he was a city official, and that his business was important. She stepped to the doorway of the library, where Mr. Harrison was resting. The mayor had already arisen.

"A man to see you."

She then went back to the kitchen. The mayor did not come immediately into the hall. What words passed no one could tell. The first sound heard was a pistol shot. The second sound was another pistol shot. Those who came to the hallway first saw the shabby visitor standing in the hallway firing through the open doorway of the dining room. He fired four times. Three of the bullets struck Mr. Harrison. He then ran out into the darkness. The members of the household and the neighbors who heard the quick firing found Mr. Harrison lying on the floor, wounded to death.

Knew His End Had Come.

The first man who knelt beside him was William J. Chalmers. Mr. Harrison knew him.

"This is death, Chalmers," said he.

He lived twenty minutes. Once he rallied and called for "Annie," meaning Miss Howard, who was to have been his bride within three weeks. They sent for her, but she came too late. The mayor was conscious for a time after he ceased talking. His death seemed to be painless. Physicians, friends and neighbors crowded about at the final moment. This was not far from 8 o'clock. Within an hour the news had leaped with all the frightened speed of electricity. The city knew that Mayor Harrison was dead, that he had been shot down in his own home and that the assassin had surrendered himself at the Desplaines street station, giving a weak and crazy excuse for his deliberate act. At the inquest he smirked and sniffled and tried to put on a cheap dignity. He has shown at times an abject fear and again he has put on a cheap bravado, as if pleased with the awful notoriety. He has said that he killed the mayor because the mayor would not appoint him corporation counsel. One moment he mumbles like a hopeless lunatic. The next moment he calls for "my attorney" and whimpers of his "rights" and his "vindication." His name is Patrick Eugene Joseph Prendergast.

The Coroner's Inquest.

A coroner's jury, composed of C. C. Kohlsaat, Ulric King, S. A. Scribner, W. J. Chalmers, P. R. O'Brien, and Charles F. Elmes, impaneled by Coroner McHale, rendered a verdict of murder without delay. The inquest was held at the Harrison mansion. The verdict recommended that Prendergast be held for the murder until discharged by due process of law. The announcement was made that Prendergast would not be present, but he was driven in a closed carriage to the back door and slipped in without his presence being known outside the house. He came in charge of Lieutenant Haas, and was driven away by the same officer after he had been identified as the assassin.

According to the post-mortem examination, the results of which were submitted to the jury, five bullet wound made by four bullets were found in the mayor's body. Three balls remained in the body. One lodged in the muscles of the back. Another passed through the liver and was found in the bowels. The third struck near the shoulder and ranging downward lodged under the skin. The fourth passed through the left hand from back to palm.

The grand jury found an indictment against Prendergast for the murder of Carter H. Harrison. Proceedings in the jury room were brief, Inspector Shea being the only witness.

Funeral Arrangements.

Soberly and sadly the city fathers met in the council chambers to perform the most mournful duty that has fallen to a municipal body in Chicago's history. Almost every alderman in the city was at his desk when the gavel rapped on the crape-wreathed desk, whose tenant men were mourning by their presence. After the adoption of resolutions of respect it was decided that the body of the murdered mayor should lie in state in the city hall for twenty-four hours. The honorary pallbearers selected are: Thomas W. Palmer, Harlow N. Higinbotham, Maj. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, ex-Governor Richard Oglesby, Ferd W. Peck, Judge Lyman Trumbull, Fredarick H. Winston, General Charles Fitz-Simons, H. J. Jones, C. K. G. Billings, Adolph Krus, Philip D. Armour, Frank Wenter, ex Mayor John A. Roche, ex-Mayor Joseph Medill, ex-Mayor Washburne, Judge Francis Adams, Judge B. D. Magruder, Judge C. P. McConnell and R. A. Waller. The acting pall-bearers will be eight police captains, who will probably be the following: Captains Kock, Byrne, Hartnett, Mahoney, Schuttler, Gibbons, Larsen and Blettner.

Guarded by Hussars.

The remains will be taken from the city hall to the late residence of the deceased Wednesday morning, and at 11 o'clock the funeral procession will leave the house and proceed to the church of the Epiphany. At the head of the column will ride Superintendent of Police Brennan, acting as marshal of the day, and Police Inspectors Shea, Ross, Lewis, Hunt and Schaack. Assistant Chief of Police Kipley will act as assistant marshal. Following these will come the honorary pallbears in carriages. The Chicago Hussars, commanded by Captain Brand will ride in double column on each side of the hearse. Then will follow the immediate relatives, the members of the city council and city officials in carriages; county, state and national officials and specially invited guests in carriages. After these will come the military organizations. It is expected that the three Chicago regiments of the National guard will be in line. It is probable that a detachment of United States troops will be present by order of General Miles. The cortege will end with citizens in carriages. Rev. T. N. Morrison will conduct the obsequies and deliver the funeral sermon. The music in the church will be rendered by a specially selected choir. One of the bands that has been at the world's fair will precede the procession when it takes up its march to Graceland cemetery.

MR. HARRISON'S CAREER.

A Man Prominently Identified with the History of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—Carter Henry Harrison was born in Fayette county, Ky., Feb. 25, 1825. His paternal line boasted of names great in many struggles for freedom, religious, political and social. At the age of 10 years he was placed under Dr. Lewis Marshall, brother of Chief Justice Marshall and father of Thomas T. Marshall, the orator. He was fitted for Yale under this famous tutor and in 1845 was graduated. The law was his vocation, but he did not enter the bar, though qualified to do so. After a period of rest on the estate near Lexington he set out in 1851 to make the "grand tour." While abroad he fell into the company of Bayard Taylor, and a friendship sprung up between them which continued to the day of Mr. Taylor's death. With this famous traveler and author Mr. Harrison rambled about England, Ireland, Scotland, the continent, Egypt, Syria and Asia

MAYOR HARRISON'S RESIDENCE, CHICAGO.

Minor. The two years thus passed in pleasant study and observation contributed breadth and versatility to the young man and laid the foundations of the culture which characterized him. Returning to America in 1853, Mr. Harrison entered the Transylvania law school in Lexington, Ky., and there completed his legal training. Upon his graduation in 1855 Mr. Harrison married Miss Sophia Preston of Henderson, Ky., and came to Chicago.

Elected to Congress.

He invested all his money in real estate, one of his purchases being the corner of Clark and Harrison streets, which belongs to his estate. At the same time he bought "prairie land" on the west side. He built his first home at the corner of Hermitage avenue and Congress street in 1859, but in 1866 he bought from Mr. Honore the Ashland avenue house which has ever since been known as the "Harrison mansion." In it he lived and in it he died. In 1872 he ran for congress against John D. Warn, but was defeated by a plurality of 700 votes in a district before overwhelmingly Republican. His second candidacy for congress in 1874 resulted in one of the closest recorded contests. He was elected by a plurality of 8 votes over Colonel George R. Davis. At the time of his election he was in Europe with his family, but he returned immediately and took his seat. The following year he went again to the continent and traveled extensively in the northern countries, returning only when re-elected to congress. In September, 1876, his wife died in Gera, Germany, and was buried there. Mr. Harrison again crossed the ocean to bring his children, and afterward went to Germany to convey the remains of Mrs. Harrison to America. In 1878 he declined a renomination, and George R. Davis was elected in his stead.

Mayor of Chicago.

Carter H. Harrison was nominated to the mayoralty in 1879. The canvass was one of unprecedented vigor and resulted in his election. He was three times re-elected. During his second term he married Miss Margaret Stearns, the daughter of Marcus C. Stearns. In 1887 he was offered renomination, but declined it. Nevertheless the convention renominated him. He was called for, and when he appeared in the hall he was given a tremendous ovation. He told the delegates that he would accept the nomination upon one condition — that every man of them would raise his right hand in token of a pledge to support his candidacy. The pledge was taken amid great cheering. That signal recognition had hardly been given him when Mrs. Harrison died; and, bowed with grief, Mr. Harrison withdrew and started on his tour of the globe, leaving Chicago in the hands of Mayor Roche. His travels began July 26, 1887, and ended Nov. 8, 1888. Everything of importance in connection with them was recorded by Mr. Harrison in his newspaper letters and his book, "A Race with the Sun." Returning he was received with a popular ovation unique in its way, and retired to private life, devoting himself to literature and business interests.

Re-entering active politics in 1891 Mr. Harrison was nominated for the mayoralty by his personal friends, although Dewitt C. Cregier had been renominated by a Democratic convention, and began a canvass against Hempstead Washburn, Elmer Washburn, and Mr. Cregier. He was defeated, and Hempstead Washburne was declared mayor of Chicago. Mr. Harrison's election last spring is matter fresh in the memory of the reading public. Only one notable political incident of the life just passed away remains to be mentioned—his nomination to the governorship in 1884, when by reason of the state being overwhelmingly Republican he was defeated by Richard J. Oglesby. His life ended in the midst of what Mr. Harrison considered the crowning honor of his career—the dignity of the chief magistracy of Chicago during the World's Columbian exposition. Of ten children born to Mr. Harrison by his first wife four survive, the others having died in infancy or in early youth: Mrs. Lina Owsley, the wife of Heston Owsley; Carter H. Harrison, Jr., William Preston Harrison and Miss Sophie Harrison, all residents of Chicago.

Wrote Postals to Senators.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3 .— Mayor Harrison's assassin seems not to have devoted himself exclusively to affairs local in Chicago. He has been writing letters and postal cards for some time past to senators, and seems to have taken an especial interest in the silver question in opposition to the repeal of the Sherman law, and to have felt it to be his duty to instruct the silver senators as the course to pursue at every turn of the discussion. He probably received no replies to his communications, but was not deterred from writing on this account. His favorite method was the large postal card, and one of the leaders of the repeal opposition says he has received a dozen or more of these since the silver debate began in the senate.

BANK ROBBER SHOT.

A Cashier Uses His Revolver with Telling Effect.

LONDON, N. D., Oct. 30.—A desperate attempt was made to rob the Citizens' bank at this place, which has a capital of $25,000. Three men, looking like farm hands, entered and pointed revolvers at Cashier Bradley and demanded money. There was some gold and silver on the counter near the window and one of the men reached over and took it. It amounted to only a few dollars. Cashier Bradley at the same moment got under the desk and two men entered the bank.

The robbers fired two shots, which did not take effect, and ran for the door. Cashier Bradley followed with a revolver and shot one of the robbers twice. He died an hour later, saying that his name was Chris Hanson and that he and his companions were farm laborers out of work. The other two men jumped into a buggy and drove towards Cando. Several shots were fired, but they did not take effect. They are still at liberty.

Deed of a Desperate Woman.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 31.—Mrs. Paul Spearing, 30 years of age, attempted to end her existence and that of her two children by throwing herself and them in front of a south-bound express train on the Reading railroad at the Dauphin street crossing in this city. The gateman and a spectator succeeded in rescuing the frenzied woman in time to save the lives of all, although she fought desperately and demanded their right to prevent her killing herself if she wished to do so.

Building Up a New Navy.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—Philip Hichborn, chief constructor of the navy, in his annual report to the secretary, says good progress was made on vessels in course of construction during the year ended June 30, the following vessels having been launched during the year: Columbia, Marblehead, Olympia, Cincinnati, Katahdin, Indiana, Massachusetts and Minneapolis. Forty-seven vessels were repaired at different navy yards during the year.

Has Probably Perished.

BENZONIA, Mich., Oct. 30.—Henry Johnson, an eccentric resident of this place, embarked from Frankfort Tuesday, intending to cross Lake Michigan alone in a sailboat. His intention was to go via Chicago and the Mississippi river to New Orleans, all the way by water. His boat has been found wrecked on the beach south of Frankfort and the life saving crew are searching for his body.

Fatal Boiler Explosion.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Oct. 30.—By the explosion of a sawmill boiler in Boone county Engineer James Huffman, Fireman Thomas McDonald and Charles Barber, a sawyer, were killed and three other workmen seriously wounded. Huffman and McDonald were blown a distance of 600, but McDonald lived for two hours after his flight through space. The mill was entirely demolished.

Doc Taylor Hanged.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 27.—A special to The Post-Dispatch from Morton, Va., says: Doc Taylor expiated his awful massacre of the Mullins family on the scaffold at Wise Court House, Va. He met death boldly and under the noose, dressed in a suit of pure white linen, preach his own funeral sermon to the crowd of assembled witnesses of his death.

Trainmen Elect Officers.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—The convention of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen at Boston has elected these officers: S. E. Wilkenson, grand master; P. H. Morrissey, first vice grand master; A. E. Brown, second vice grand master; G. W. Newman, third vice grand master; W. A. Sheehan, secretary-treasurer.

Whirled Around a Shaft.

HOLLAND, Mich., Oct. 30.—Levi Bailey, employed in the stove factory, was caught in a belt and whirled around the shaft several times. He was killed instantly. The shaft tore off both arms and threw the mangled body on the floor. Bailey was 30 years old and leaves a family.

Suicide of Garland's Daughter.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—Miss Daisy Garland, daughter of ex-United States Attorney General Garland, committed suicide at her home in this city by shooting herself. She was 24 years old, and thought to have been insane at the time.

The Fever at Brunswick.

BRUNSWICK, Ga., Oct. 30.—One white and five negroes were stricken with yellow fever, the smallest total for any day since the epidemic got under headway.

Lord Mayor Shanks Sails.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—Lord Mayor Shanks and party of Dublin, have sailed on the Campania for Europe.

REPEAL IS PASSED.

The Senate Winds Up a Fight Without Precedent.

MAJORITY OF ELEVEN FOR THE BILL

With Seventy-Five Senators Voting and Five Pairs—Silver Senators Keep Up the Talk Until Night and Stewart Has the Last Word—Warning and Defiance the Burden of the Speeches—One Fight Over, but the Battle Only Begun.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—At 7:26 p. m. yesterday by a vote of 43 to 32 the senate, after one of the most remarkable and memorable parliamentary battles of a generation, passed the bill unconditionally repealing the purchase clause of the Sherman silver law. The end was reached at the conclusion of a continuous session of fourteen days after sixty-one days of debate, during which five volumes of the Congressional Record had been filled with speeches amounting in the aggregate to about 20,000,000 words, a stream of talk that would stretch in cold type from the seaboard 1,600 miles into the interior; from Liberty Enlightening the World in New York harbor to the foothills of the Rocky mountains. The closing day of the great struggle for the repeal of the purchase of silver was one of intense excitement. The galleries were packed to the doors, every seat in the senate was occupied and the walls were lined with representatives from the lower branch of congress.

"Senatorial Courtesy" Was Tired.

The ægis of senatorial courtesy was no protection in the last moments. Gray-haired men did not spare each other. Morgan fairly heaped his denunciation on Voorhees, the leader of the administration forces, and Wolcott, the Colorado Hotspur, concluded a fierce philippic against Carey, with the Spanish proverb of Sancho Panza that it was a waste of labor to shave an ass. The silver Republicans, Teller, Stewart, Dubois, Wolcott, and Jones, Peffer the Populist and Morgan and the old war governor of Tennessee, Harris, each made his valedictory. The Democrats were hot and angry at the desertion of some of their colleagues that made their defeat possible, the Populists warned the senate that the doom of silver was the doom of the old parties, but there was something tragically pathetic in the despairing cry of the silver senators.

Ruin, Destruction and Desolation.

It meant, they said, ruin and destruction and desolation to the silver producing states. Jones, with an emphasis that will never be forgotten by those who heard him, warned those about him that the end of the fight marked but the beginning of the battle that would be waged before the people. In tones deep and tragic he repeated Dundee's famous defiance of Gordon:

There be hills beyond Pentland
And friths beyond Forth.
If there be lords in the Lowlands
There be chiefs in the North.

Where the Expected Happened.

Stewart had the last word. When the white-bearded Nevadian, looking like an ancient patriarch, sank back in his seat Vice President Stevenson for the last time announced that the bill was before the senate for amendment. He paused. Voorhees, the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," arose. The decisive moment had come. The vice president flashed his eye about the chamber. The galleries leaned over. The flood of light from the glass-panelled ceiling poured down upon the senate. The chamber was still as death. Not a soul stirred—every one seemed to hold his breath.

"If there are no further amendments," said the vice president slowly and solemnly, "the clerk will call the roll."

The Roll Called for Final Vote.

"Mr. Allen," began the clerk. The suspense was over. The Rubicon had been passed. The roll was at last being called on the final passage of the bill. From all over the chamber came a sigh of relief. Bland, the silver champion of the house, stood like a statue behind the row of desks while the roll was called. Sherman and Voorhees, facing each other bolt upright, did not move a muscle. Peffer stroked his beard. Mills and Cockrell paced impatiently up and down in front of the vice president's chair. Hill sat in the front row talking to his late antagonist, Butler.

All Over in Ten Minutes.

It took almost ten minutes to call the roll and arrange the pairs. When the vice president announced the vote Voorhees straightened up to his full length. It was a personal victory for him. "I now move," said he with a note of triumph in his voice, "that the senate adjourn until tomorrow at 12 o'clock." Before the question could be put the occupants of the galleries were jostling each other in their attempts to crowd out of the doors. The senators fled from the chamber. In sixty seconds none but a few employes remaining upon the scene. The long battle was over, the field deserted.

HOW THE SENATORS VOTED.

Eleven Majority for the Voorhees Bill with Five Pairs.

Following is the vote in detail: Yeas Aldrich, Brice, Caffery, Camden; Carey, Cullom, Davis, Dixon, Dolph, Faulkner, Fyre, Gallinger, Gibson, Gorman, Gray, Hale, Hawley, Higgins, Hill, Hoar, Hunton, Lindsay, Lodge, McMillan, McPherson, Manderson, Mills, Mitchell of Wisconsin, Morrill, Murphy, Platt, Proctor, Quay, Ransom, Sherman, Smith, Squire, Stockbridge, Turpie, Vilas, Voorhees, Washburn, White of Lousiana—43.

Nays—Allen, Bate, Berry, Blackburn, Butler, Call, Cameron, Cockrell, Coke, Daniel, Dubois, George, Harris, Irby, Jones of Arkansas, Jones of Nevada, Kyle, Martin, Pasco, Peffer, Perkins, Pettigrew, Powers, Pugh, Roach, Shoup, Stewart, Teller, Vance, Vest, Walthall, Wolott. Total, 32.

The following pairs were announced, the first named being in the affirmative: Allison with Mitchell of Oregon, Chandler with White of California, Wilson with Colquitt, Gordon with Morgan, Palmer with Hansbrough.

Summary of the Last Speeches.

With the exception of the controversy between Carey and Wolcott all the final speches of the silver men were of a warning character; silver was struck down now, but a day reckoning would come. Stewart's was a fair sample. His first sentence as he rose: "The die is cast," caused a ripple of laughter. "The surreptitious and fraudulent act of 1873 demonetizing silver is ratified and confirmed," said he. "The gold kings are victorious, the labors of their champion, the senator from Ohio [Sherman], are crowned with success."

The Trojan horse was within the walls of the national capital, but the betrayal and capture of the White House and the capture of the two houses of congress was not the end of the war. Stewart's last words were: "Let the vote be taken, let the object lesson be given. We will abide by the result."

Following is the text of the Voorhees repeal bill, which the senate has substituted for the Wilson bill, as it passed the house;

"Be it enacted, etc.: That so much of the act approved July 14, 1890, entitled 'An act directing the purchase of silver bullion and issue of treasury notes thereon, and for other purposes,' as directs the secretary of the treasury to purchase from time to time silver bullion to the aggregate amount of 4,500,000 ounces, or so much thereof as may be offered in each month at the market price thereof, not exceeding $1 for 371 25-100 grains of pure silver, and to issue in payment for such purchases treasury notes of the United States, be, and the same is hereby, repealed.

"And it is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to continue the use of both gold and silver as standard money, and to coin both gold and silver into money of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, such equality to be secured through international agreement, or by such safeguards of legislation as shall insure the maintenance of the parity in value of the coins of the two metals and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the markets and in the payment of debts.

"And it is hereby further declared that the efforts of the government should be steadily directed to the establishment of such a safe system of bimetalism as will maintain at all times the equal power of every dollar coined or issued by the United States in the markets and in the payment of debts."

Congress Doings in Brief.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—The galleries of the senate were crowded to hear the last words before the Sherman law repeal bill was passed. As soon as business was resumed Hunton, Cameron of Pennsylvania, Morgan, Vest, Carey, Dubois, Jones of Nevada, Peffer and Harris all spoke regarding the bill, most of them against it. Stewart and Pasco offered amendments which were defeated, and Voorhees in reply to a proposition to postpone the vote to today insisted on going ahead. The vote was finally taken and the bill agreed to at 7:30 p. m.—yeas, 43; nays, 32. Adjourned.

The house adopted a resolution of sorrow at hearing of the violent death of Mayor Harrison, of Chicago. Weadock of Michigan presented his memorial about the American Protective Association, which he said had terrorized the voters of the Eighth Wisconsin district so that they had elected a Republican instead of a Democrat. The memorial was referred and Linton, the man against whom it was directed, challenged the fullest investigation. Fithian's bill granting to foreign built ships owned by Americans the right to American register was reported favorably. The rest of the session was devoted to the bankruptcy bill without action.

Gates on Naturalization.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—In submitting some remarks on the naturalization bill now on the house calendar Oates said: "Why, many foreigners are so ignorant that they do not know the name of the president, but are annually put through naturalization process and driven like cattle to the polls. Such crimes should not be tolerated by the great American public." [Applause.]

No Secret Treaty with Brazil.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—The statement that the United States has entered into a treaty with the Brazilian government to assist it in its present struggle against the revolutionists is emphatically denied by the officials of the state department.

Can Get Along Until December.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—Several of the leaders of the house, known to be close to the administration, say that Secretary Carlisle has assured them that with the silver purchase law repealed there will be no difficulty with the finances until Dec. 1.

CITY AND WATERWORKS AT WAR.

A Merry Fight at Quincy, Ill., Over the Supply of Dampness.

QUINCY, Oct. 31.—The verbal and legal strife between the city of Quincy and the waterworks company, which has raged for two years, has culminated in the water company shutting off the city's supply as the fire stations, school houses and public buildings. The mayor then ordered the arrest of any man connected with the work, and the city attorney secured an injunction from Circuit Judge Bonney, restraining the company from shutting off any further supply.

The city has been threatening to build waterworks, and when the present contract with the company was about to expire steps were taken in that direction by some of the aldermen. The company then served notice that their charge for city service would be raised from $9,000 to $12,000 a year. The city refused to pay this advance and hence the row.

Editor McClure May Get Well.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 31.—A consultation was held at the house of Colonel A. T. McClure, at which were present Drs. J William White, William Pepper, Edward Martin and J. Laine. When it was over Dr. White announced that his patient had so far improved that the consulting physicians thought he had at least an even chance to recover.

World's Fair Closed in Gloom.

CHICAGO, Oct. 31.—The assassination of Mayor Harrison resulted in abandonment of all the closing features of the World's fair. The men who made the fair gathered in the Festival hall and held a memorial service. Total attendance, 21,467,019. Attendance yesterday, 208,178.

"King Herod" Is 103 Years Old.

ATCHISON, Kas., Oct. 31.—King Herod, a colored resident of this city, has just celebrated his 103d birthday. He was born a slave in Richmond, where he said he saw George Washington. Herod is a widower, but is looking for a wife. He proposed recently to "Aunty Mills," 60 years old, but she rejected him.

Street Car Strikers Resort to Violence.

ST. PAUL, Oct. 31.—The street car strikers are growing more desperate as they see all the car lines in full operation, and one car has had all its windows smashed in, while the conductor of another was stopped and an attempt made with a pistol to persuade him to quit work.

THE NEWS CONDENSED

Items of Interest Rolled Down for the Busy Reader.

Dr. W. B. Shumaker, a prominent citizen of Ackerman, Miss., was killed by W. H. Heflin, against whom he had preferred charges of keeping a "blind tiger."

The fire at the Baltimore city jail last Friday night has so far resulted in the death of three colored men.

The St. Paul park board has $50,000 at its disposal, which it has voted to expend for the services of the city's unemployed.

Controller Eckels has appointed Daniel W. Kenisher of North Manchaster receiver of the First National bank of North Manchester, Ind.

Claud Girard, an old Frenchman, was found hanging on a farm near Chilton, Wis. He was 87 years old.

Welcome Wood, a farmer, accidentally and fatally shot himself in the left side while hunting near Elkhart, Ind.

By the caving in of a sewer in Cincinnati Joseph McCarthy, a digger, was killed and George Eisenhoffer hurt.

J. J. Brown, a farmer, of Brazil, Ind., was crushed to death while hauling logs.

* * *

William Mahoney, a convict, who walked out of Texas county, Mo., with a Winchester rifle on his shoulder defying arrest, was captured at Summerfield, Ills. He will be sent back to Missouri.

William Rhoda of La Porte, Ind., attempted to leap from a train in motion and was killed. He was 20 years of age and leaves a widow and two children.

Edward Evans and Charles Simpson, burglars, attempted to escape from an Indiana penitentiary but were caught.

Burglars wrecked the store and postoffice at Oakley, Mich., trying to blow the safe open, but were unsuccessful.

The cruiser Columbia made a successful unofficial trial trip. It maintained a speed of 21 5-10 knots per hour, a half knot in excess of the government's requirements.

Walter Zimmerman of Taylorville, Ill., aged 19, was run over by a horsecar and fatally injured.

Thomas Revett was acquitted at Waterloo, Ia., of the murder of Warren Blackwell near Butler last April while attempting to arrest him. Revett was a deputy constable and claimed self-defense in shooting Blackwell.

* * *

The president has approved the act granting settlers on certain lands in Oklahoma territory the right to commute homestead entries.

As two farmers were on their way home from Cadda, Ind. T., they were overtaken by three drunken Indians, who shot and killed one of them.

One negro was fatally shot and three seriously wounded at a night dance at Shelbyville, Ky.

Wesley C. Rippey, who shot John W. Mackey at San Francisco, Feb. 24 last, was sentenced to pay a fine of $250 or go to jail.

A. C. Burnham has given $10,000 in aid of a movement to establish a hospital in Champaign, Ills.

Three desperate negro convicts employed by the Dublin, Ga., Brick company knocked down a guard and escaped.

The Wisconsin board of equalization has reduced the real estate assessment of Milwaukee county $20,000,000, or from $155,000,000 to $135,000,000.

Ambitious and enthusiastic California is rushing through preparations for her midwinter fair at a great rate.

* * *

Engineer F. N. Sheppard and Fireman W. C. Wright were badly injured in a collision on the Wheeling and Lake Erie road at Limestone, O.

Two Stick, the murderer of a cowboy at Deadwood, S. D., has been released on his own recognisance until the next term of court.

John Mulvaney was buried alive in a gravel pit in Rosefield township, near Peoria, Ills. When taken out he was dead.

Centralia and Sparta, Ills., have been connected by telegraph. The line belongs to the Chester and Centralia railway.

Henry Starr, "Kid" Wilson and Alf Chaney were convicted at Fort Smith, Ark., of the Pryor creek train robbery.

Six masked men broke into the residence of Peter Painter of Holmesville, the wealthiest man in Holmes county, O., tied Mr. and Mrs. Painter to the bedpost, broke open a safe, and took $460 in cash and $300 worth of jewelry.

Governor Altgeld has pardoned Heiman Ruger, convicted of burglary in Cook county in 1862 and sentenced to the penitentiary for six years.

The Earl of Dunraven has been elected an honorary member of the New York Yacht club.

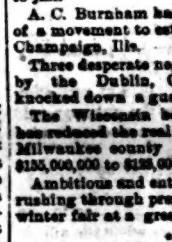
* * *

Adjutant General Orendorff of Illinois has issued an order disbanding Company F, Fifth infantry, of Taylorville, Ills.

Emil Hopf and Mrs. Dallman were arrested at Wausau, Wis. They eloped from Manitowoc three weeks ago.

George Barker of Keosauqua, Ia., was cut in two at Ottumwa, Ia., by a steam saw.

A wild man was captured in the woods near Logansport, Ind. He was 40 years old, and could give no account of himself.



Mrs. Sutherland.

I Had Goitre

Or swellings in the neck since I was 10 years old; am now 52. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla recently and the swelling has entirely disappeared. It has been very troublesome. When I began I was feeling so discouraged with the goitre and rheumatism I felt that I would as soon be dead as alive. Whenever I caught cold I could not walk two blocks without fainting. Now I am free from it all and I can truly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. I received a letter from Mrs. Jennie Bigelow, now of Fremont, Mich., asking if my testimonial in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla was true; I replied it was, and send particulars. I have another letter from her thanking me very much for recommending

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and stating that she also has been cured." MRS. ANNA SUTHERLAND, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills. They assist digestion and cure headache.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. DR. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 4, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—
Mr. Richard Mansfield.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—
Thomas W. Keene.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—
Carl's Ironman's Comedians.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock:"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE DIABOLICAL MURDER OF MAYOR HARRISON.

Carter H. Harrison, mayor of Chicago for the fifth time, and one of the best known figures in American political life, was murdered by a malignant "crank," named Eugene P. Prendergast, at his home, on Ashland avenue, last Saturday night. Not since the anarchists' bomb exploded in Haymarket square, has Chicago had so profound, or so painful, a shock. Mr. Harrison was so much a part of the city's daily life, so strong, vital and buoyant, in every movement and expression, that it is almost impossible to conceive him dead, or that he died in a manner so cruel, dastardly and undeserved. Whatever Mr. Harrison's political vagaries may have been, he was, personally, a good and devoted citizen, and, officially, an able and economical administrator of the city government. His most strenuous political opponents are as much horrified at his death as his most zealous personal and partisan friends. His oddities, his mannerisms, the very freedom he used to take with the people, his humorous references to the multiplicity of his race relationships, his ever ready smile and jovial, yet courtly, manner made him a popular favorite. Everybody had access to him, and whether entertaining a Spanish princess, of the "blood royal," or listening to a tale of distress poured into his ears by some poor widow, his manner never varied. He might be a shade more ceremonious with the one, but he was equally courteous and considerate to the other. He called nearly everybody he knew by his Christian name, and, in fact, made himself perfectly agreeable to, and at home with, all classes of people. Some of this may have been policy, but most of it grew out of his big, riant nature, overflowing with animal spirits and native Kentucky dash. Temperate in his habits, he, at the same time, could be a bon vivant, when occasion called for it, and liked to have young and spirited men, and women, around him in his social life. In the midwinter of existence, he preserved the glowing hues of early autumn, with here and there a green summer bough peeping untarnished through the slowly changing foliage of his days.

This wonderful young old man was, indeed, the last person on the earth with whom any rational being would associate the ghastly fate of assassination. He was not of the nature, or temperament, to rouse the devil in even a crank of the worst kind, and how the ignominious wretch who killed him could harbor a malignant feeling against a man whose very presence was social sunshine, is something that approaches the inexplicable. Had Prendergast been a lawyer of any kind, had he been prominent politically in any way, men could understand how his distorted intellect might receive the impulse of murder, but he had been absolutely nothing but a vendor of newspapers, never had graduated at any law school, and yet thought that he ought to be appointed to the most responsible legal position in the gift of the Mayor! American public men are so much in the habit of receiving queer letters, some threatening, some begging, some inquiring, and many affectedly mysterious, that they become careless in regard to the designs of cranks, and rarely take any kind of precaution againstst them. Abraham Lincoln was shot in a box of a theatre, while a military man was sitting in his immediate vicinity; President Garfield was mortally wounded in a railroad station while surrounded by friends and about to leave Washington on a pleasure trip; and Carter Harrison, roused from a sleep induced by the fatigue of his official exertions at the World's Fair, was shot to death on the eve of his marriage with a lovely and devoted woman.

The circumstances surrounding this latter tragedy are so appalling that they bring the horror of it home to every domestic hearth in this city. Mr. Harrison, had, indeed, some of the imperfections of human nature, but the good in him very largely outweighed the imperfect. He was, in as far as human being could be, an institution of this great city, which he so deeply loved, and everybody, except the creature who cut short his being, wished for him patriarchal age and a prosperous career. He was with Chicago in all her trials, and did a vast deal during his public life to demonstrate and develop her marvellous public spirit. The last six months of his life were, perhaps, those which most endeared him to his people. He appointed excellent heads of the various departments, maintained good order, while allowing a certain amount of cosmopolitan freedom in the municipality, and performed the hospitable functions of World's Fair Mayor in a manner that won universal approbation. Occasionally, in his welcoming speeches, he would allow some of his old eccentric humor to appear, but, in general, his remarks were scholarly, dignified and charmingly cordial.

The editor of THE CITIZEN has had frequent political tilts with Mr. Harrison, but nobody, outside of his immediate family and intimate friends, more sincerely laments his unlooked for and unprovoked doom. That he fell by the hand of a malignant lunatic is a matter of small consolation. The human reptile who committed the awful deed had sufficient cunning to take his victim unawares, and to save his own miserable carcass from being rent into fragments by surrendering himself at a police station, where he knew he would be reasonably safe from immediate punishment. While not, in any sense, wishing to forestall the action of the legally authorized courts in this, or in any other, case, THE CITIZEN states that, as a general principle, a man who has sense enough to plan a dastardly murder is sufficiently responsible to the law of the land to be made suffer its extremest penalty. If the lives of the distinguished men of our country are to be constantly sacrificed by cranks of the Prendergast type, the scarcer the latter kind of monsters are made in the republic the better. A morning paper says there is no way in which such persons can be guarded against beforehand. That may be, but the best way to deal with them, after they are caught red handed, is to put them, by legal process of course, where the wicked cease from troubling. Clemency in such cases is—unless under very rare circumstances—a crime against the well being of the State. The hideous murder of Carter Harrison has shocked America from centre to circumference, and the malefactor who deprived children of their father, a bride of her promised husband, and the city of Chicago of her able and distinguished chief magistrate, should be dealt with according to biblical justice.

JUDGE GARY.

Notwithstanding the attempts of Judge Gary's enemies to belittle his political and personal strength, the very exertions they are making to cry him down attest his popularity with the masses. Not even his most determined opponents can impeach his personal integrity, and the indorsement he has received from hundreds of leading lawyers, without distinction of politics, lifts him above partisanship and makes him the candidate of all citizens of Chicago, who are opposed to crazy political theories, and who believe in the preservation of peace and order in this community. As a member of a bench of judges, illustrious for incorruptibility, Judge Gary stands before the people, the peer of any man who ever wore the ermine in this county. The people of Chicago, without party distinction, owe it to themselves, as well as to him, to uphold his cause triumphantly at the polls.

A JOURNALISTIC BARNUM.

W. M. Stead is the great journalistic Barnum of the age. He is the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, which, like a leech, fattens on the life blood of our own magazines as well as those of England. Recently this sponger projected a quarterly periodical advocating his peculiar ideas on spiritualism in the pages of which he proposes to prove the real existence of ghosts and hobgoblins, and thus intimidate all the old women of Britain into a belief in those shadowy entities. Not content with placing these literary nostrums before the palate of the British public, the great and only Stead is now out with a project for a universal daily paper which shall be the sole organ of the entire English-speaking world! He has the insufferable insolence to appoint himself the editor of such a periodical, inasmuch as, according to his vainglorious statement, there is no other writer in all England who could have the faith and energy necessary to the editorship of such a sheet which would be in its essence much more of an attempt to help to serve, to instruct, and to guide its readers than a mere quilting together of yesterday's happenings. "I have failed," he continues, "to find my ideal editor, but a 'sparrow in the hand is worth a bird of paradise in the bush.'"

Innocent people might fancy that Stead is about to dive into his own pockets for the funds with which he purposes starting this colossal venture. These innocent people would be mistaken in their reckonings; for the wily journalist has appealed to the public for one hundred thousand guineas' worth of subscriptions with which to commence operations, and which, if immediately paid in, will enable each subscriber to become part proprietor of the newspaper! What an exquisitely simple plan! The public is to pay the piper while Stead is dancing to the music on a fat editorial salary. THE CITIZEN would not be astonished to find that John Bull is prepared to shell out his shekels for such an enterprise. He will only see the folly of it all after he has been victimized, while Stead pockets the swag and laughs in his sleeve at English credulity.

MRS. HART'S TRIUMPH.

Mrs. Ernest Hart has had the gratification, well-deserved, of receiving thirty-two medals of merit for her exposition at the Donegal Castle Irish Village. THE CITIZEN cordially congratulates Mrs. Hart on her victory, and has great pleasure in bearing testimony to the splendid work, under most trying circumstances, she has accomplished for Irish industrial prosperity. She deserves well of Ireland, and of the Irish people at large. Had she not been hampered by unforseen usurpation of her original rights, her exhibits would have been on a much larger scale, but, as it is, she may well be proud of the good she has achieved, and we sincerely hope she may be long spared to continue it.

THE TARIFF AND FASHIONABLE FOLLY.

A friend, well versed in the political economy of the United States, writes to us from Coschocton county, Ohio, as follows: "Last fall the Democratic wool growers of this section voted for Cleveland and free wool, with the result that while last fall they received 30 cents per pound for it, at present the most they can get is 18 cents. Now when we know that the great majority of the wool growers of this county are Democrats it will be conceded that they have paid a high price for defeating the Republicans. But is wool growing a matter of any importance? I think so. The value of sheep in the Union in 1892, at an average price of $2.50 per head, was $116,121,270. But Ohio, having the highest grades, averages $3.25 per head, and her sheep are valued at $13,189,386, producing over 20,000,000 pounds of the best wool in the world. I met a gentleman here who said he had lost $700 this year on his wool clip, but if we average the wool growers' loss in this county at $200 each, that will be about the amount they have taxed themselves for the late Democratic victory. And the loss to the State is over $10,000,000. It comes high, but they would have it. Well, what do they say about it? Some of them say they have had enough of Democracy, and will vote for McKinley, others say nothing at all but are doing a heap of thinking, and still others, with sublime faith, are holding on to their product, believing that free wool will raise the price again. This means that when the world, with its estimated annual product of 1,800,000,050 pounds, is permitted to dump its enormous surplus, free of duty, on our shores, and when we add to this a large amount of domestic wool which remains unsold in the producers' hands, then the market overstocked and glutted as never before will advance, and last year's price will return again. One would suppose that no one outside of a lunatic asylum would believe such nonsense as this, but I repeat that there are thousands of Democratic wool growers in Ohio who say they believe it and presumably will vote as they say. Will McKinley be re-elected? I think no one doubts that he will. He was elected two years ago, before the Democratic threat of low tariff had brought terror and distress on the Republic, by over 20,000 plurality.

"If we do as well this fall it is easily within the bounds of probability that our plurality, increased by Democratic disaffection and apathy, may reach 30,000 or even more. But if something like those figures are not attained the Democratic congress and executive will be justified in assuming that the verdict of last November is not in danger of being reversed, and doubtless will act accordingly."

Our friend has good opportunities for judging and, we dare say, he does not overstate the case. But the Bourbon doctrinaires of the South are in power, and they will seek to prove to the people that white is black. It is not alone the sheep raising industry that has felt the threat of practical free trade, but all industries. Our fashionable idiots of all parties keep on buying foreign goods, and thus drain the country of its gold. Our fashionable men and women are as dangerous to the prosperity of our country as were the rebels who took up arms against the government. The average fashionable American girl, no matter what race she may belong to, is a shallow fool, without a single practical or patriotic idea in her silly little head. She is after "rank" and "title," and prefers a penniless count or baron, who has exhausted his purse at Monte Carlo, or the gamut of vice in London, or in Paris, to a plain, respectable American husband. Every paper we take up announces the marriage of Miss Evangeline Sweatthemhard, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the Hon. Soapfat Sweatthemhard, to Lord Compoundinterest Turnthemout, of Turnthemout Park, Devon, Eng., or some such title. The trousseau is always ordered from Worth, of Paris—not a shilling's worth is purchased in America. Sons and daughters of self-made American merchants and manufacturers spend their lives in Europe—mostly in riot and dissipation—entirely despising and neglecting their own country. This is an "absentee drain," which America is beginning to feel, and, some day, legislation may have to deal with the evil by imposing penal taxes, or something of that kind. The moment it is announced that a rich American girl, daughter of a California argonaut, or a Chicago "merchant prince," or a New York millionaire, has arrived in some European capital, a multitude of titled sharks, attracted by the glittering bait of well advertised wealth, disturb the social waters around her, and she immediately becomes a prey to some of them. She succeeds, in their foul possession, a host of brazen wantons, who have devoured both their manhood and their money. A blackguard is no less a blackguard because he may have the blood of kings, who were generally the chief rascals of their realms, in his veins. And thus the evil goes merrily on. American made money is squandered to pay off the criminal indebtedness of European profligates.

There are many things in this great republic of ours which need attention as well as the tariff. Republican simplicity, which made the country great, is fast giving way to aristocratic tendencies, particularly in our great commercial centres, and the manliness and womanliness of American habits and manners are rapidly declining in favor of foreign airs and fashionable tomfoolery. If the rich people of America would buy more of their country's goods, there would be no fear of a financial panic. But, unfortunately, many of them favor free trade, for the reason that they want to buy European products, exclusively, at a lighter cost. It has come to this in America, that the average shopman apologizes to a customer when showing him or her a fabric of American manufacture, and, almost invariably, he runs it down. Yet, we think, a country that can manufacture the best machinery, the best clocks and watches, and some of the best cutlery in the world, can also make drygoods sufficiently durable, both in texture and color, for the use of the most fastidious.

VERY REV. FATHER SORIN.

THE CITIZEN shares the universal regret felt for the death of that noble ecclesiastic, the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, of Notre Dame, Ind., founder of the illustrious Order of the Holy Cross in this country, and regrets that want of space prevents an extended notice of his bright career until next week's issue.

PERSECUTING CATHOLIC CANDIDATES.

Those sneaking cranks and cowards, the A.P.A's, or Knownothings, are at their old game again. Not possessing the courage to come out openly, over their own names, and manfully attack those they hate, they resort to the dastard's device—an anonymous card or circular. A document, worded as follows, has been distributed throughout the city and county by the thousand during the last few days.

"The following named candidates, to be voted for Nov. 7, belong to the Roman Catholic church:

DEMOCRATIC.	REPUBLICAN.
CIRCUIT COURT.	CIRCUIT COURT.
Patrick McHugh.	John Gibbons.
L. P. Boyle.	
SUPERIOR COURT.	
Austin O. Sexton.	
COUNTY COMMISS'RS.	COUNTY COMMISS'RS.
J. A. O'Connell.	Daniel J. Deasy.
F. E. Coyle.	
Michael J. Kelly.	
John G. Panock.	
Henry Ebertshaeuser.	

It is queer that these "wise" bigots missed the name of Mr. Edward O. Brown from the proscribed list. His American name saved him. And how about Tom McNichols, candidate for Commissioner on the Republican ticket? Has Tom turned Protestant?

THE MAYORAL OBSEQUIES.

The public funeral held in honor of Chicago's murdered mayor, Carter H. Harrison, on Wednesday, was worthy of the city and of the occasion. It comprised men of all races, hues, political views, religious opinions and social conditions. Three-fourths, at least, of the inhabitants of this city, and its suburbs, turned out to witness the melancholy, yet magnificent, procession, and the streets, sidewalks, windows and housetops were filled with masses of mourners, whose gloomy faces attested the genuine sorrow of their hearts. The weather, too, was propitious, and few accidents occurred, considering the terribly congested condition of the thoroughfares. The police regulations were perfect and reflected the highest credit on Chief Michael Brennan and his splendid array of officers. Ex-Chief Austin J. Doyle was Marshal of the procession, and discharged his functions in a manner that gave universal satisfaction. The remains of the murdered chief magistrate were escorted to Graceland cemetery by the mighty cortege, and were placed, temporarily, in a vault. After a period, they will be quietly interred in the family burial lot by the immediate relatives of the ill-fated and lamented gentleman.

MR. PATRICK M'HUGH.

Mr. Patrick McHugh, one of the candidates for Judge of the Circuit Court, is well known, not alone in the legal profession, but also in social and general circles. He was one of the foremost members of the old Irish Literary Association of this city, and served two terms as president of the Irish-American Club during the period of its greatest prosperity. He was an intense admirer and practical supporter of Mr. Parnell, during his brief but brilliant career, and, in fact, although not born in Ireland, Mr. McHugh has always been a warm, although unostentatious, supporter of her cause. As a lawyer he holds deservedly high rank, and his practice has always been very extensive. He feels thoroughly confident of election.

MARSHAL FIELD and Potter Palmer, like Phil Armour and John Rockafeller, are "doing themselves proud" on the princely donation business. No man gives so freely as the real American, when he gets his enthusiasm worked up. Field's $1,000,000, for a Columbian Museum, and Palmer's $200,000, for a Woman's Memorial Building in Chicago, show how great and metropolitan a city they belong to.

IT is a pity that the politicians of this county failed to follow a good precedent for "off years," by making the judiciary ticket non-partisan this fall. On general principles, and as a matter of public policy, the farther the bench is removed from the domain of partisan politics the better.

BECAUSE, we are credibly informed, two young Irish ladies, Miss Teresa Sheehan, of No. 410 West Forty-third street, and Miss Julia Cribben, of No. 3847 Dearborn street, employed at Blarney Castle Irish Village, were reported as having expressed gratification at the hauling down of the British flag from the bastion of that concern, Mrs. Peter White peremptorily discharged them. This is a poor method for obtaining custom for the "Irish store" to be established by that lady in this city.

"LUD" MAYOR SHANKS has once more aired his lungs in celebrating the glories of the British connection. In a recent interview with him in *Kate Field's Washington*, he is represented as saying that "the Irish desire for Home Rule is accompanied by a clear determination to preserve and perpetuate the union with England, Scotland and Wales, for imperial purposes!" THE CITIZEN is heartily sick of the vapid vaporings of this imperial yokel, who cannot be considered an Irish Nationalist in any sense of the word. This Anglo-Saxon flunkey should never have been appointed chief magistrate of the Irish capital.

HON. WILLIAM PRENTISS, nominated for a judgeship by the Democrats, is a resident of Evanston, and has made a good reputation in the legal profession. He is a great favorite socially, and counts among his personal friends prominent men of all shades of politics.

FEW people are aware of the fact that Cardinal Gibbons spent his boyhood in the West of Ireland. His Eminence was born in Baltimore, Md., but crossed the Atlantic at an early age with his father, who was an Irishman, and who had returned from this country to settle down once more in his native land. At the age of ten the future cardinal received confirmation at the hands of Archbishop MacHale the "Lion of the Fold of Judah."

ONE of the battleships in the English navy is called the "Ramillies." This is a rather humiliating name for such a vessel. Is it meant to commemorate the defeat of an English corps "before the bursting charge of Clare's dragoons?"

THE death of Marshal MacMahon leaves his comrade Canrobert the sole remaining wielder of a baton in France. The conferring of a baton—the highest military distinction in an army—dates from the twelfth century. Marshals are only created by Kings and Emperors. The Republic of France was not in favor of imitating Royal potentates in this respect, and so, since 1870, no French soldier has been awarded that honor. The other marshals of the late Empire, besides MacMahon and Canrobert, were Niel or O'Neil, Le Bœuf, and the infamous Bazaine, who betrayed France at Metz, by his cowardly sacrifice of the battalions entrusted to his charge.

RIDER HAGGARD expresses his conscientious opinion in the congenial columns of the Tory press that the Malabele nation should be summarily wiped out. It is bad enough for Haggard to write romances in which bloody brutalities are painted in crimson colors but he needs must also incite John Bull to murder and wholesale slaughter. Mr. Bull needs, however, no incitement from anybody when he desires to spread English trade at the cost of the lives even of comparatively harmless savages. Mr. Haggard's "conscientious opinion" was simply a superfluous piece of advice. Some years ago this ferocious novelist advocated the wiping out of the Boers in their unholy rebellion against the British. What was the result of that conflict? The Boers wiped out the British. Haggard ought to know by this experience that the process of ruthless extermination is not precisely a monopoly of the redcoats. Two can play, if necessary, at that game.

THE Ulster "parliament," now sitting in Belfast, is a curious compound of knaves and fools. The knaves, however, predominate. The proceedings are private—held between closed doors and shuttered windows. These bigots love the darkness. They are children of Beelzebub. Progress and light are beyond their understanding.

THE integrity of the "Impire" is still assured. Mayor Shanks has said so, and Shanks, don't cher know?—is an honorable man.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA lectured on "Irish Liberty" to a large and appreciative audience in Charlestown, Boston, last week. Rossa believes that the home rule bill cannot be wrung from the house of lords for the next ten years by constitutional methods. He advocates a sterner policy and more drastic measures for the attainment of Irish freedom. The impenitent rebel looks hale and hearty.

THE fund, started some time ago in London, for subsidizing anti-Irish newspapers, is on the eve of a collapse. The scribes, who are paid for defaming the Irish people and inventing blood curdling whoppers about the ferocities of the Irish peasant, are howling for several months' subsidy due them. The managers of this reptile fund have just made a pitiable appeal for help to the "generous" British public.

MINING RIOTS continue to be the order of the day in France as well as in England. Capitalists in both countries are becoming alarmed at the growth of socialism in their midst.

MR. KEIR HARDIE, the workingman's member in the halls of Westminster, is an original plain-spoken character. There is a refreshing candor, and lack of cant about everything he says. His latest declaration is to the effect that it matters not to him whether three million voteless workers shall have the right of suffrage extended to them, while four million workmen are workless. A very admirable axiom.

MARSHAL NEIL'S name was attached to a rose by the ex-Empress Eugenie. This is how it happened: When the then General Neil was returning from the scene of his victories in the war between France and Austria for the liberation of Italy, he received from a peasant, who wished to honor the hero, a basket of pale yellow roses. He immediately presented the flowers to the Empress, who expressed great admiration for them. Learning that the rose was nameless, she said: "Well, I shall name it. It shall be *'le Marechal Niel,'*" and at the same time handed the General a jewelled marshal's baton by orders of her husband. Such was the origin of the Marechal Niel rose.

MR. VAN ALAN, our ambassador at the Italian court, distinguished himself in England some years ago as a huntsman of deft skill and daring. The scarlet coat he wore was trimmed with gold facings. He belonged to a hunting club, and contributed twice as much money as all the other members combined to the support of the pack. Mr. Van Alan is an enthusiastic sport, and therefore all the more fitted for that sinecure job at Rome.

TWO GENUINE AMERICANS FALSELY ACCUSED.

THE CITIZEN has no sympathy with the creatures who belong to the order of of Deputies, or who share in its despicable views. Because of the detestation in which we hold those views we are the more careful that no honorable American citizen, no matter what his politics, shall be unjustly accused of being a Deputy. Two gentlemen who are candidates for judicial honors at the coming election—one a Democrat the other a Republican—Mr. John Barton Payne and Mr. Edmund Burke, have been falsely accused of being Deputies. Neither is and neither could be a Deputy. Mr. Burke was born in Illinois, and has lived in Chicago for many years. Like the great Edmund Burke, and many other distinguished Irishmen, he is a Protestant, but he is also a broad-gauged liberty-loving American, and could no more be a Deputy than be a rebel to the country of which he is a loyal and an exemplary citizen.

Mr. Payne is not so well known in Chicago, but to those who do know him the charge that he is a Depnty is as ridiculous as it is monstrous. Mr. Payne came to Chicago from West Virginia, where he made a record on this very question. There was at one time there a most malignant feeling against Catholics and Mr. Payne organized a public meeting at which the Catholic priest was invited to speak in order to remove the animosity of the unthinking mob who were reviling the church. The result was a restoration of good will in the community; and the following letters sent to Mr. Payne show how gratefully his conduct is remembered:

PARKERSBURG, W.Va., Oct. 29, 1893.—*Hon. J. Barton Payne—My Dear Friend:* I cannot find words with which to express my heartfelt pleasure on reading in the papers that you have been nominated for Judge of the Superior Court. The honor thus bestowed on you was no surprise to me. I knew you long and well, and my admiration for you during

your sojourn in Preston county, West Virginia, grew day by day. I bespoke for you eminent success in your profession. I can never forget the interest which you took in the Howesville Catholic church. Deeply engraven on my my memory is your kindness in securing for me a crowded audience in Kingwood, W. Va., to listen to my lecture on one of the dogmas of the Catholic belief. I shall ever treasure the recollections of that occasion. Thanks to you I was enabled to remove erroneous notions regarding my religion and very happy results followed. I sincerely hope that you will be successful in securing the position to which you aspire. Perhaps you have forgotten Rev. E. M. Hickey, once the Catholic pastor in Preston county, W. Va., but he has not forgotten you. Every tidings of your legal success was of great interest to him. I make no mistake in saying that every Catholic in Preston county would be delighted to hear of your election. You have hosts of appreciative friends—kindly place me in the number. Very sincerely yours, E. M. HICKEY.
Rector of St. Xavier's church,
Parkersburg, W. Va.

WHEELING, W. Va., Oct. 27, 1893.—*My Dear Mr. J. Barton Payne:* I saw that you, dear friend, had been nominated by the Democratic convention as candidate for Judge of the Superior Court. Moreover I now learn that it is a fact. With my whole heart I offer you my earnest congratulations. I sincerely hope that you will be elected. The Democrats of Chicago would honor themselves while honoring their party in giving you their full vote. My own personal acquaintance with you, your record in West Virginia, and, for so many years, in Chicago, would make it *my duty to give my vote* and secure all the votes I could influence. Again wishing you success, I am, very truly yours,
JOHN T. SULLIVAN,
Admr. of the diocese of Wheeling.

ARCHIEPISCOPAL RESIDENCE, No. 3810 Lindell avenue, ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 31, 1893.—*John Barton Payne, Esq.—My Dear Friend:* I have heard with great pleasure of your nomination for Judge of the Superior Court, and I hasten to extend my congratulations, and to express the hope that your canvass will be crowned with success. I am quite sure you would fill that honorable and responsible position in a manner that would reflect credit on the great city of Chicago. Believe me, yours very truly,
JOHN J. KAIN,
Abp. Coad., St. Louis.

THEN AND NOW.

[*Dublin Weekly Independent.*]

It is but two short years since the death of Mr. Parnell, and already the disastrous consequences of his loss have become apparent to the world. When the men whom he had raised from obscurity attacked him in Committee room 15 with their Leinster Hall vows still fresh upon their lips, it was not merely the revolting spectacle of ingratitude, meanness and treachery exhibited by them which induced thirty-three of his colleagues to stand by their leader in his hour of trial. It was something stronger and more enduring than even a generous sentiment of fidelity to a friend and of disgust at his unmanly and perfidious enemies. It was the overwhelming conviction that the destruction of Mr. Parnell under the circumstances of the time would inevitably mean loss or ruin to every interest with which the Nationalist cause was identified. That conviction has been amply justified, and after a shorter interval of time than any man could have prophesied. Only two years have passed, and what a change has come over the cause of home rule, the cause of the evicted tenants, and the prestige and status of the Nationalist party!

Taking the last first, what a truly pitiable spectacle is afforded to the world by the parliamentary representation of Ireland at this moment. Parnell found that representation, taking it as a whole, little better than a sham. The Irish party was without cohesion, independence, or backbone, and, as a necessary consequence, it was without either respect or power. He created an Irish party, united, independent and grimly determined. Mr. Balfour once spoke of Mr. Parnell's party as the most perfect instrument ever created for the purpose of parliamentary and political work. Because that instrument came to be dreaded it became respected and powerful. No minister and no English party could claim its allegiance. Mr. Gladstone ever after 1886 knew as well as Lord Salisbury, that he could not count upon Irish support for twenty-four hours with certainty. That party, composed of eighty-six men, had of course its differences and its troubles; but a strong sense of discipline, of self-respect, and of duty prevented it from washing its dirty linen in public, and its "superb leader," to use Mr. Justin McCarthy's Leinster Hall phrase, was not merely its mouthpiece, but its bond of union. He was the corner-stone of the arch. He was rudely displaced, and now—what a contrast! Ireland's representation split into a score of sections under a score of weak and incompetent men.

The majority of the Nationalist members chained to the wheel of an English party, afraid to whisper above their breath of amnesty, the evicted tenants or home rule. The "Irish Party" flooding the country, not with demands for the concession of Nationalist rights, but with coarse, vulgar, personal recrimination—the Dillonites, the Sextonites, the Davittites, the McCarthyites, each endeavoring to cut the others' throats, and the inevitable consequence of all this—Ireland's representation in parliament absolutely shorn of respect, power or authority.

What have the two years done for the evicted tenants? They have been years of bitterness and suffering for them. They have witnessed the sources from which support was drawn in the past in America and Australia absolutely dried up. They have seen the Paris funds double-locked by Mr. Healy, they have seen the pledges of Mr. Shaw Lefevre discarded by the Liberal party, and the promises of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien unredeemed. Two years ago they had an united Irish race at their back, a powerful and rich organization to support them, and a wise and capable leader to enforce their claims. Now, while the Irish race is divided, they are neglected. The National organization is shattered, the "war chest" is bankrupt, and they look in vain for a leader to restore them to their homes.

Two years ago "Home Rule blocked the way." The strongest argument in England in favor of home rule has always been that English reforms were forced to wait until the Irish question was settled. Mr. Gladstone spoke of the parliamentary express being stopped by a block on the line, and enforced the point that it could not proceed upon its journey until the block had been removed. The result of the removal of Mr. Parnell from the political arena is that home rule no longer "blocks the way." It has been run into a siding, and in the remaining sessions of this parliament Mr. Gladstone is going to prove, by the aid of Irish votes, that the English parliamentary express can proceed smoothly and rapidly upon its journey without delaying for the settlement of the Irish question. The simple meaning of this is that home rule falls back into a secondary position; it takes rank with fads and pious opinions, and the one great and imperative motive to induce Englishmen to deal with it—namely, that unless they do so their own concerns must wait—disappears. These are some of the "benefits" which have already accrued to Ireland from the destruction of Mr. Parnell.

JOHN E. REDMOND.

JOHN GIBBONS.

John Gibbons heads the list of Republican nominees for the three full term Circuit Court vacancies. As practitioner, legislator and author there is no man of his age at the bar of greater or more varied experience than Mr. Gibbons. He was born and reared on a farm in county Donegal, Ireland, and emigrated to the United States in 1866, when about 18 years of age. He received his scholastic training at a private academy in Londonderry, at Broad Street Academy, Philadelphia, and Notre Dame University, Indiana, which latter institution conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. After reading law in Philadelphia he settled in Keokuk, Iowa, where he was admitted to the bar in March, 1870. He practiced law in all the courts of that State for ten years, and came to Chicago in January, 1880. No man in Iowa was more esteemed as a lawyer and citizen than he, and while in Keokuk he was honored by being appointed assistant prosecuting attorney. Mr. Gibbons is recognized as one of the ablest lawyers at the Chicago bar. He is the author of "Tenure and Toil, or the Rights and Wrongs of Property and Labor," a work that has exercised great influence over labor legislation and that has benefitted both employer and employed. He edits the Chicago *Law Journal;* lectures at the law department of Notre Dame University; is one of the professors of the Kent Law School, and is, in addition to all this, a genial and courteous gentleman. Mr. Gibbons is an honored member of the Sheridan and Columbus Clubs, but while deeply interested in the progress and welfare of these institutions goes but little into society, as he is one of the hardest workers at the Chicago bar. The Keokuk *Gate City*, the editor of which knows Mr. Gibbons well, says: "He will cause no abatement of good opinion if he be elected to the bench, for he will be at his best and strongest as a judge. His mind is juridical. He knows the principles of the law, understands them as a philosophy, and has the practical experience and sound judgment which will enable him to use promptly and wisely in the trial of causes his apperception of general principles. His practice at the bar and his editorial work have given him a wide and accurate knowledge of case law. His character is transparent, clear, sincere and beautiful in its integrity. He is as good as he is studious and able. There was a time when partisan politics made some city judges who discredited the bench. That period seems to have passed, and with such men as John Gibbons chosen for the bench it is very far past. He is as upright as John Marshall."

REVIEW.

"Twilight Songs" by John Myers O'Hara, Chicago.

In this dainty little volume Mr. O'Hara, who is a Chicago poet, gives the public the maiden efforts of his muse. Like all such efforts they reveal a prentice hand in occasional irregularities of metre and forced rhyme; but THE CITIZEN is glad to add that these imperfections are likely to be removed in the course of time by the author's growing experience and knowledge. His verses are of a finely-spun texture, and bespeak the scholar, as well as the cosmopolitan. It would be well, however if he would seek to avoid in future such Johnsonese words as "incorporeal," "alleviation," and "adjuration," as they spoil a poem, and are, moreover, out of fashion even in prose. Mr. O'Hara is at his best in sonnets, one of which on Cardinal Newman, is a gem in its way. There is also in the volume a pretty little Irish lyric entitled "Kathleen Kinvarra." Mr. O'Hara's verses are well worth perusal. They are the products of a cultured mind, and a rich and versatile fancy.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Ignatius Redmond," City—(1) The first name mentioned has no connection with the other two. In the latter, the difference of a letter has no significance. (2) We have no information on the subject. (He) was registrar of the admiralty court in the Bermudas for a short period.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years it was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.
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GAELIC POETRY.

Cailin Beag an Ghleanna.

A ógánaigh óig mar reultan tridan g-ceó
Do thugas-sa mo ghean go léir duit,
A's do gheall tú bheith rómham ag coill ghlais na g-cnó
Go g-cuirfimis ár g-cómhairle i n-éinfheacht.
Tuig a mhile stór nach bh-fuil peacadh ar bith chomh mór
Is measa agus is mó le deunamh,
Ná maighdean dheas óg do mhealladh le do phóig
Agus fealladh uirri go deo 'nna dhéigh sin.

A Radaige, ó, a rúin, an aithreach leat go buan
Mar chuir tu le buaidhreadh an t-saoghail mé?
'S gur chuir tú do dháil i n-airgiod 's i m-buaibh,
Agus i seafaideadhaibh dubha an t-aléibhe.
B' fhearr liom go mór bheith ar thaoibh bhuachaill óig
'Ná sealbhán bó ar taebh chnuic,
'S é d'imeoradh liom air phean agus cluitheche cruaidh na ngeall
Agus shlábhaifadh an saoghal go réidh liom.

Ag dul 'nna luidhe do'n ngréin, mo chreach, mo dhith go geur!
Is mise bhios i b-péin an uair sin,
Go mbudh samhuil do m'ghné an té sineadh ann san g-cré,
'S a Mhic Mhuire, nach mór an truagh sin!
Mo chairde uile go léir, an chuid acu nár cuig,
Gur thugadar geur-fhuath dham,
Gan d'fhocal ann a m-beul, acht "ó mhill tú thá féin
Fulaing do réir sin bualdhreadh."

ELBRIDGE HANECY.

One of the most popular names on the Republican judicial ticket is that of Mr. Elbridge Hanecy, who received the high compliment of a nomination by acclamation for judge of the Circuit Court by the Republican county convention.

He is a native of Wisconsin, but has lived in Chicago for the last twenty-five years, nearly all of which time he has

ELBRIDGE HANECY.

been actively engaged in the practice of law, in which he has made a great success and achieved much distinction. He was formerly associated with Hervey, Anthony & Galt, with whom he read law, afterward practicing with Mr. Robert Hervey, the senior member of that firm. He is now the senior partner of the firm of Hanecy & Merrick.

Mr. Hanecy is a careful, painstaking lawyer, of the strictest integrity, kindly and courteous in his manners, well versed in his chosen profession, and would make an ideal judge. He was nominated last fall for a judicial position and ran ahead of his ticket by several thousand votes. He lives in the Third ward, where, as all over the city, he is deservedly popular and highly esteemed.

IRISH NEWS.

Leinster.

On Weduesday night, Oct. 18, in Glasgow, the tug-of-war between the Dublin police and the Highlanders was decided. At 8:45 p.m. the teams entered the arena. The Highlanders proved a first-rate team, but the Irishmen pulled them over the line in two minutes and three seconds. The teams then changed places, and the Irish team finished their opponents off in fifty-six seconds. They first literally dragged them to their feet, and then hauled them flat upon their faces. The enthusiasm was extraordinary. A new draw for the other winning teams is necessitated, and the police will then meet their stauchest foes—the Glasgow police.

John Madden was killed while shunting the Tullow goods train at 4:20 a.m. on the 1st inst. Dr. Kenny, city coroner, held an inquest, when the following verdict was returned: "That deceased died from shock caused by fracture of the thigh, being run over by a wagon which he was shunting near the Kingsbridge, Dublin. We are of opinion that the accident might have been avoided had the company taken greater precautions by having more help in the process of shunting."

On Oct. 21 Tully Mill, which lies about a mile south of Kildare, was found in flames. The principal door had been taken away, and an office adjoining broken into, from which was abstracted two valuable account books and a few pounds which were in a desk. The mill was packed with corn. The owner, Mr. Francis Lee, is most popular in the district, and great indignation is felt that he should be the victim of some malicious scoundrel, whose early arrest is expected.

E. Woods, J. P., of Clonmel, died at his residence, Oct. 14, aged 79 years.

Arrangements are being made in Dublin for the commemoration of the second anniversary of the death of the late Patrick Nally. It has been decided to hold the anniversary meeting in the National Club on Nov. 9. County Councillor John Torley, of Glasgow, will deliver the address.

The October new fair, recently established by the corporation, was held on Wednesday, the 11th. There was a large supply of finished beef cattle, but there was a very slow demand and fall in prices for any sold.

On Monday, Oct. 16, a deputation of the Guardians of the North Dublin union waited on the chief secretary (Mr. John Morley, M. P.) in pursuance of a resolution passed at the last meeting of the board, calling attention to the treatment of pauper lunatics in Irish workhouses, and suggesting the advisability of having them removed to lunatic asylums, where, in the opinion of the guardians, they would be better cared for. The deputation consisted of Mr. John Carolan (chairman of the board), Mr. T. Harrington, M. P.; Dr. Eustace, J. P.; Mr. Grahame, Mr. McDonnell, Mr. G. Macnie, J. P., T. C., with Mr. Atkinson, J. P. (clerk of the union). The proceedings were not open to the press.

The following persons were elected Oct. 20 to serve as town commissioners for Tipperary: Messrs. William Hurley, Edmond Hogan, Michael Dalton, Lawrence Hayes, Daniel Kelly. The above gentlemen were returned unopposed.

The usual weekly meeting of the Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language took place on Tuesday, Oct. 17, at No. 5 Molesworth street, Dublin, at 5:30 p. m., Mr. T. O'Neill Russell in the chair. There were also present Count Plunkett, B.L., M. R. I. A.; Capt. T. Connor, Professor Haugh, B. A.; T. W. Conway, B. A.; R. J. O'Duffy, Thomas Rooney, James Halligan and J. J. McSweeney, secretary. The death of Marshal MacMahon having been announced to the meeting, Mr. J. J. MacSweeney moved, and Count Plunkett seconded, the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted: "That the council, having learned with profound regret of the death of one of the vice-presidents of the society, Marshal Patrick MacMahon, ex-president of the French Republic, do now adjourn as a mark of respect for a distinguished Irishman by descent, and the bravest soldier of France." The council accordingly adjourned until Tuesday, Oct. 24, the same hour.

Munster.

The Parnellites of Clonmel tender sincere thanks to Rev. Dr. O'Brien, P. P., for his kindness in having a special mass on Sunday, Oct. 8, to enable his parishioners who attended the Parnell Anniversary the opportunity of attending divine worship that Sabbath morning.

The death of Mr. Pierce Tobin, O'Connell street, Clonmel, is announced. Deceased was a sterling Nationalist. In the days of the Land League he did his part; when the House League was formed in Clonmel no more energetic member of it was found than Pierce Tobin. The funeral, which took place on Friday, Oct. 20, was one of the largest that occurred in Clonmel for many years.

It is very gratifying to learn that the Sisters of Mercy of the Convent of Skibbereen have been declared the contractors for supplying fine ticking, striped linen for the women's gowns, linens for aprons, shirting, and lining len for that union, says *United Ireland* of Oct. 14. It is only a short time ago that these good ladies introduced this industry for the employment of the poor girls of Skibbereen. They commenced on two looms which were given to them by the late Sir William Ewart, of Belfast, and now they have twenty-three looms busily at work, employing a large number of girls who, without this, would have no resources. If their progress for the future be as it has been up to the present, we may look forward to the establishment of this industry in the South of Ireland on a very large scale, competing with the North for the wealth they have been able to obtain from the manufacture of linen. Already, from the success obtained in Skibbereen, the nuns of the convents of Queenstown, Kilkenny, Gort, and other places have introduced it, and are progressing, we understand, far beyond their most sanguine expectations. An interesting pamphlet on the origin and progress of this industry at the convent, Skibbereen, has been published by the nuns, and from it we learn that during the short time they have been at work they have turned out no less than 1,400 dozen handkerchiefs, 250 dozen of towels, 2,400 yards of linen, 6,000 yards of lawn, and a large quantity of towelling, etc. All the goods manufactured at the convent are of the finest flax, so that parties will be sure of obtaining nothing but pure linen.

The Limerick Amnesty Association are making arrangements with the view of taking part in the preliminary demonstration at Cork in favor of the release of the political prisoners. A committee has been appointed to wait on the representative of the G. S. and W. Railway Company, with the object of having a special train run to Cork on the day of the meeting, and it is anticipated that the application will be favorably entertained.

It is understood that an arrangement has been arrived at by the Waterford and Limerick Railway Company and the Midland Great Western Company for the working of the goods traffic with Dublin via Limerick and Athenry, and the arrangement in question meets with a large share of approval by the residents of the large centres affected. The Great Western and Southern Railway Company in view of the possible clashing with their interests in the carrying of the Southern goods traffic are expected to offer a lively competition in those districts which are served by them as well as by one or the other of the rival lines.

On Tuesday morning, Oct. 10, the church attached to the Presentation Convent, Sexton street, Limerick, was filled by a large number to witness the ceremonies connected with the profession of one and the reception of another young lady into the convent of the order. The former young lady was Miss Agnes Herbert (in religion, Sister Mary Cecilia), youngest daughter of Mr. Patrick Herbert, T.C., William street, and the latter, Miss Mary Cussen (in religion, Sister Mary Baptist), second daughter of Mr. Edward Cussen, Rock Abbey, Askeaton. The Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, bishop of the diocese, officiated at the celebration of holy mass, which commenced at 8:30 o'clock, and during which he received the final vows of Miss Agnes Herbert. After mass his lordship concluded the ceremony of profession, and then proceeded with the reception, when Miss Mary Cussen was duly received into the order. During the ceremonies the bishop was assisted by the Rev. H. O'Donnell, C.C., chapiain to the convent, and Rev. W. O'Shea, C. C., St. John's. After the conclusion of the ceremonies the bishop, the clergy, and the friends of the young religious were entertained a splendid *déjeuner* in the reception parlors. During the day the guests were invited to the schools where the children under the charge of the good nuns went through a course of calisthentics, maypole dances, walking mazes, and part-singing, all of which were truly creditable both to the pupils and teachers, and gave the beholders some idea of the good done to the citizens of Limerick, especially to the children of the poorer classes who receive a thoroughly good education, and in many cases food and clothing.

A novel case of moonlighting was disposed of at Castleisland on Oct. 13. Two lads, Daniel and Patrick Howard, aged 10 and 12 years, were charged with having, on Oct. 7, at Kilsarkin, Scartaglen district, "appeared armed and disguised, to the terror of her majesty's subjects," with attacking the dwellinghouse of Cathorine Dunlevy, and taking by force and violence a workbasket, a quantity of embroidery, and three shillings. The information of Mrs. Dunlevy was read, from which it appeared that, on the night of the 7th inst. about 12 o'clock, the boys entered her kitchen, disguised by having cloths tied over their faces, and armed, one with an iron bar and the other with a stick. They ordered her to go down to the room, and on her refusal they beat her about the head and arms. They then searched the house and took away the articles mentioned. She knew them, as they lived close to her place. The magistrates, after a consultation, decided to deal summarily with the lads. They find them 10s each, and ordered them to be kept in prison for seven days, and to receive twelve strokes of a birch rod each morning.

Connacht.

A great shock was given to the people of Boyle on Oct. 6, when the news spread that a farmer named Bartholomew McDonagh, Knockarush, had been killed outside the town, and that John Feely, a stonecutter, of Great Meadow, had been arrested for striking the fatal blow. At the magesterial inquiry which was held in the evening in the courthouse here touching the death of McDonagh, the accused, John Feely, was present in custody. Mr. Bull, R. M., was the presiding magistrate. At the inquest held Oct. 7 in the Boyle Workhouse Dr. Hamilton, in conjunction with Dr. White, gave the following testimony: We made a post mortem examination of the body of Bartholomew McDonagh, and found that there was no trace of external or internal injury. We are of opinion that death was due to cardiac syncope, probably caused by shock. A verdict in accordance with the medical testimony was returned. McDonagh was a small farmer and the father of a family of seven, the eldest of whom is only 12 and the youngest one month.

Resolutions of Thanks.

At the regular meeting of Divison No. 1, A. O. H., last Wednesday evening, at Father Mathew's hall, the following resolutions were proposed by Mr. F. T. Nichol, seconded by Mr. James Horan, and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, At a reception held at the Aberdeen Irish Village, on Oct. 20, at which the Irish people were wantonly insulted by the raising of the British Jack, and

WHEREAS, The Irish people were furthermore maligned by the assertion that the true sons of Erin were with them in their attempt to hoist the hateful emblem of tyranny over the Irish Village,

Resolved, That we, members of Division No. 1, A. O. H., take this opportunity to denounce the action of the Aberdeens as lowering the dignity of the Irish people, notwithstanding their efforts on behalf of Irish industries.

Resolved, That to the true sons of Erin who had the manhood to haul down the British Jack, and made necessary an armed guard to protect it, we tender our unqualified approval, and to them is due the gratitude of our race.

Resolved, That these be published in THE CITIZEN, and brought to the notice of the County Board.

Information Wanted,

Of Mrs. John Leonard, nee Mary O'Connell, who formerly resided in Cleveland, Ohio. Any information of her present whereabouts will be thankfully received by her brother, Michael O'Connell, formerly of the Twenty-third Illinois Volunteers, Col. Mulligan's regiment, and now residing at 85 Delaware street, Cleveland, O.

Facts for the Traveling Public.

Emigrants, commercial men, tourists, mariners and miners relating to the preservation of health under conditions unfavorable to it, may be gleaned with profit from the oft published testimony of such persons relating to the protective and remedial qualities of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a very valuable remedy to those who traverse "the briny deep," or are subjected to malarial influences or out door exposure. With as much certainty as Dr. Koch's celebrated lymph destroys the organic microbe, the Bitters counteracts unhealthful germs in malaria-tainted air and brackish water. It prevents and removes disorders caused by poor and unaccustomed food, and restores tranquility to worn out nerves and weary brains. Rheumatism, kidney and liver complaint, cramps, colic and dyspepsia are among the ailments that it subdues.

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Sold to "Citizen" Subscribers Only.

$100 Men's Watch for $80!

THE CITIZEN is now for the first time able to offer to its subscribers the celebrated Waltham "Repeaters." These watches were made to sell at more than $100, but we have an option upon a few in solid 14k gold stiffened hunting cases. A Waltham "Repeater" strikes the time within five minutes whenever a spring on the outside of the case is moved. This is a great advantage in many situations. The two silver-toned bells do not add to the size of the watch. No more of these watches will be made. The cases will not be ready before July 1, and readers should register their names at once. An artistic special catalogue will be sent upon application. Price of watch, delivered, $80.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

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WAYSIDE AMBITION.

I went to the city to seek my fortune.
The day
I left my native village on a flat car,
Making [illegible] mile an hour,
Kissing [illegible] the track—
[illegible] windows.

I went to be a brakeman.
I said
Making [illegible] off the platform,
Cussing [illegible] cows is lost,
Holding [illegible] and engineer has to
That's a brakeman for me!

No conductor for me, just a brakeman,
By heck!
Can make a coupling on the dead run,
Has spring last on pants in braid on his clothes,
Carries a lant[illegible] cap over his ears—
That's a brakeman, I'll tell ye!

I want to be a brakeman,
Gee whizzikin!
Stand in with agents and operators,
Gits to Peru every night 'n sees a show,
Knows the numbers of the trains, chaws tobacker.
He's a regular one, you bet.

'N I want to be head brakeman,
Gol-lee!
Twistin 'er hard, smoke rollin round ye,
Country people stoppin work to look,
Girls wavin at ye all the way to Peru;
I'll be one, too, some day.

—Chicago Record.

SPIKING THE GUNS.

"The regiment will be annihilated," observed the adjutant coolly. And then, in the same immovable tones, he asked some one to pass him a biscuit.

"Curse you," shouted the colonel, "do you think I don't know that? Do you imagine I fear getting killed tomorrow? Do you suppose I want to live on after what has happened? It's the eternal disgrace of the thing that's cutting me."

"Once comfortably shot," remarked the senior major in easy philosophy, "it doesn't much matter to me personally where or for why I go down. Not a soul will be left behind to care."

This last remark added tinder to the blaze. The major was a peasant's son, who had hacked and thrust his way up from the ranks by sheer hard fighting. His commanding officer was a noble of the old regime. He had hoped and reasonably expected that the previous day's engagement would give him a brigade, and so the fiasco had fallen all the more bitterly.

It seemed as though the very stars in their courses had been battling against us. Everything had gone wrong. The blame was not ours. But this, in an army where want of luck was the greatest crime, told nothing in our favor. Many men had fallen, and panic had seized the heels of the rest. Which of us initiated the run cannot be said, but in the rush of some all had been carried along, few, except perhaps one or two of the older officers, resisting very strenuously. The colonel, burning with shame, had gone in to report. What precisely had been said to him we did not know, but we guessed with some accuracy, although he did not repeat the details. The gist of his interview was that the regiment was to attack again on the morrow, and if unsuccessful then once more on the day after, and so on till the bridge was taken.

Yesterday the thing had been barely possible. Yet today it was far different. During the night the defenses had been more than trebled. The Austrians swarmed. Enough artillery was mounted there now to have demolished an entire army corps advancing against it from the open.

The deduction was clear. The bravest men will turn tail sometimes, and in our army, which was the bravest in the world, there had during the latter part of the campaign been more than one case of wavering. An example accordingly was to be made. Our corps had been singled out for the condign punishment. We were doomed to march on the morrow to our annihilation.

Of course the matter had not been put so at headquarters. There the words ran: "Most important strategic point. Must be taken at whatever cost. Your regiment will again have the honor, colonel," and so on. But, summed up bluntly, it was neither more nor less than I have said. We all understood the order of the letter, and there was not a man in the regiment who would hesitate a moment in carrying out his share. Each private soldier, each officer would march with firm determination to march then his last. That gives the case in a nutshell.

But the secure knowledge that there would be no skulkers along this road to execution did not pacify the colonel. If anything, it increased his bitterness. It would make his ungrateful memory last the longer. He sat at the table end of that inn room where we had messed, with folded arms and nervous fingers kneading at his muscles. By a singular irony we were lodged in comfort there—we, who had got to go out and die on the morrow—and he must needs taunt us with it, as though it were a shame for such as we to have so tolerable a billet.

Myself, I was stretched out on a sofa away by the far wall, and lay there mutely, having but little taste for the wordy savageries which were being so freely dealt about. And the night grew older without my being disturbed. But the angry man at the end of the table singled me out at last, perhaps because my outward calm and listlessness jarred upon him.

"Tired, Eugene?" he asked.

"A little, sir."

"Ah, I can understand it. I noted your activity today. You have mistaken your vocation, mon cher. You should not have come into the army. You should have been a professional runner."

An answer burned on my tongue. But I kept it there, gave a shrug and said nothing. What use could further wrangling be? But the silence was an ill move. It only angered him further, and he threw at me an insult which was more than human man could endure.

"Do you think you will again feel inclined to use those powers of yours tomorrow, Eugene? Or had I better have you handcuffed to some steady old soldier?"

A dozen of the other officers sprang to their feet at this ghastly taunt, for when such a thing as this was said to one of their number it touched all. The old major was their spokesman.

"Colonel, we make all allowances, but you are going too far with the youngster."

The colonel scowled round tight lipped for a minute, and then:

"I am quite capable of commanding this regiment of lost sheep without unasked for advice from subordinates, major. Lieutenant Ramard, you heard my question, I presume? Please have the civility to answer."

During the minute's respite I had been thinking and acting—that is, writing. I got up and handed the colonel a slip of paper. On it were the words:

I acknowledge that I, E. Ramard, lieutenant of the Twenty-second ——, am a coward.
EUGENE RAMARD.

He read it.

"There, sir," I said, "kindly add the date, as I have forgotten what it is, and please leave that behind with the baggage when we march tomorrow. If I do not do better work for France than any man in the regiment, it is my wish that this paper be published." The colonel nodded grimly and then frowned.

"Have I your permission now, sir, to withdraw from this room?"

A refusal was framing itself—I could see it—but the lowering faces around made him curb his passion, and he nodded again, but reluctantly.

In the dark, wet air outside, and not before, did I realize fully what I had done. The screed on the slip of paper had been the spasm of the instant. It seemed to me now the outcome of a moment's insanity. I had had no plan, no trace of scheme in my head while I was scribbling. The words and the pledge were an empty boast, made in the wild hope that I could hold them good. But how could such a thing be done? The most furious, desperate courage by itself would avail nothing. There would be a thousand men around, each to the full as brave as I—for no one can march farther than death—and to do "better work for France" than any of them! Ah, no, the thing was impossible! With them I should fall, and among all of them I alone would be branded infamous. The paper would be brought to light, the curt, bald confession would be read, with no explanation of how or why it was written, and men would form their own opinions—all hostile, all against me.

To leave behind nothing but the name of a self avowed coward! Oh, agony, bitter agony!

I wandered wherever my blind feet led me, wrenched by torments that God alone knew the strength of, and from which there seemed no human means of escape. The heavy rain squalls moaned down the village streets. The place, with its armed tenantry, slept. Only the dripping sentries were open eyed. These, taking me for an officer on ordinary rounds, saluted with silent respect. No soul interfered with me. Not even a dog barked.

The thought came: You die only to gain a wreath of craven plumes. Why not pass away from here—escape—desert—vanish—be known no more—and yet live? No one withholds from you new life and new country. France alone, of all the world, is utterly hopeless for you.

The thought gained. I say it freely now, for the dead, dull blackness of my prospect then showed no spot of relief. In my walkings to and fro I gradually verged nearer and nearer to the outer cordon. As an officer I knew the words for the night—sign and countersign both. I could pass the pickets.

Farther and farther toward the scattered outskirts of the hamlet did my doubting feet lead me. In one more patrol up and down I think my mind would have been made up, and after that whatever deluge the fates desired. But a sound fell on my ear, faint and not unmusical. I was dully conscious of some new scheme beginning to frame itself. I changed my path and walked faster.

Presently the cause of the sound disclosed itself. A field forge, an anvil and a couple of grimy farriers and half a dozen troopers with horses. The cavalrymen were resting on the ground, watering bridle in hand, awaiting their turns. The smiths were slaving, sweating, swearing, doing the work of thrice their number. It was a queer enough group, and I gazed at it for many minutes, still unable to frame the gauzy idea that had reanimated me. Then one of the farriers who had been fitting a hissing shoe on to a hind hoof chilled the hot iron in a rain puddle and humped up the horse's fetlock on to his apron again.

I started.

The fellow picked up a hammer, took a nail from his mouth and drove the nail first gently, and then smartly home.

"There, vicious one," swore he, "I put that spike through the vent in a matter of seconds, but with these four others beside it, thou'll not rid thyself of it in as many weeks."

I strode forward.

"Five louis for that hammer and a score of nails!"

The military smith dropped the hoof from his lap, came to attention and saluted. But he looked at me queerly and answered nothing. I could see he thought me mad. Very likely excitement had made me look so.

"Ten louis. There is the money in gold."

"My officer, the things are yours."

Steel spikes, brittle rods that would snap off short, would have been better. But time was growing narrow, and I must take what offered. These soft bent nails would serve my purpose. And now for the river. The current was swift, and I could not swim a stroke. I must go up stream and trust to find some tree trunk or wooden balk that would aid me in floating down.

On the matters that happened after this I cannot speak with any minuteness. To think back at, the whole time seems like a blurred dream, broken by snatches of dead sleep. I know I gained my point on the river bank, some miles above the village, and entered the water there, finding it chill as ice. I think it was a small fence gate that aided my passage.

I can only recollect clearly that the thing I clung to was terribly unstable, and that on being landed by a chance eddy on a strip of shoal I lay there for fully half an hour, listening to a sentry plodding past and past through the mud 10 yards away, unable to move a limb. Then I gathered strength, and crawling, not only from caution, but through sheer helplessness, made my stealthy way still farther along the shore.

Four batteries commanded the approaches to the bridge. Two were on either flank, to deliver a converging fire; two, one above the other, were in a direct line with it, so that the causeway could be swept from end to end.

It was in the lower of these last that I found myself—by what route come I cannot say. Only then my senses seemed to return to me. I was lying in an embrasure. Overhead was the round black chase of a 60 pounder. I crawled further and looked down the line. Six more guns loomed through the night, making seven in all.

The rain was coming down in torrents, sending up spurts of mud. There were men within a dozen yards, wakeful men, and then, and not before, did it flash upon me that my farrier's hammer was a useless weapon. Fool that I was to bring it. Idiot I must have been to forget that the first clink would awaken the redoubt. My life? No, pah! I didn't count that. But it would mean only one gun spiked effectually, if so much. I drew back into the embrasure and knitted my forehead afresh. The right thought was tardy, but it came. I drew off my boot. It was new and it was heavy—badinage had been poured out by my comrades over its heaviness. The strong sewed heel would drive like a calker's mallet.

Then I got to work. The guns were loaded and primed. The locks were covered with leather aprons. I used infinite caution, crawling like a cat, crouching in deepest shadows, stopping, making detours, not for mere life's sake, be it understood, but because life was wanted for work yet undone.

The seven guns were put out of action, and still the night was dark, and the Austrians were ignorant behind the curtain of rain. And then on to the upper battery. Two, four, eight guns!

Three I spiked, and the night began to gray. Three more, and men were stirring. I got reckless and sprang openly at another. The air was filling with shouts and stinking powder smoke and crashes and the red flash of cannon.

The French were advancing to the storm in the wet, gray dawn. Both flanking batteries, fully manned, had opened upon them, but of the guns which had direct command of the bridge only one spoke.

Into the roar of artillery the wind brought up yells and oaths and bubbling shrieks. And then the eagles came through the smoke. There was no stopping that rush.

Somehow I found myself among comrades, fighting with a claw backed farrier's hammer, knowing nothing of order or reason or how these things came to pass, but heated only by an insane desire to kill and kill and kill! And then I grappled with a man who was struggling off with a flag, and wrestled with him in a crimson slough, and choked him down into it, while heavily shod feet trampled madly on both of us. And afterward there was more shouting and cheering, and mighty hand claps between my shoulder blades, and the old major gave me cognac out of a silver flask—cognac which seemed to have been sadly overwatered.

And that is all I remembered till I woke up in the afternoon from the sofa in that village inn. Reveille had sounded. We mustered under arms, and the roll was called. Many did not answer.

And then, "Stand out, Lieutenant Ramard!" said the colonel.

I advanced and saluted.

"You will consider yourself under arrest, sir, for desertion before the enemy. Presently you will surrender your sword and report yourself at headquarters."

The colonel turned and exchanged some words with a little, pale man near him, who sat awkwardly on a white stallion.

He resumed, "The emperor has considered your case, sir, confirms the arrest and orders you to be reduced to the ranks." The colonel paused and continued:

"But as a reward for your gallantry your commission of captain will be made out with promotion to the first vacant majority, and you will also receive a decoration."

And then I was ordered to advance again, and the emperor transferred a Cross of the Legion from his own breast to mine.

"Captain of the Twenty-second," he said, "thou art my brother."

I never asked for the colonel's apology.—C. J. C. Hayne in Washington News.

Discretion.

Two burglars broke into the house of a merchant who was generally considered to be very rich. After herculean efforts they managed to open the safe, but who can describe their disappointment when they found that it was empty and all their labor in vain? At that moment the master of the house, awakened by the noise, appeared on the scene. For a moment all three stood there as if turned into stone. The merchant was the first to come to himself.

"Gentlemen," he said, "let us all maintain a discreet silence over this incident. And now permit me to show you the door."—Seifenblasen.

Ignorance.

"Brother Johnsing," said Mr. Bones, with a wink at the other end man, "here is a conundrum for you. What is the difference between an oyster and an elephant?"

"H'm!" said the middle man thoughtfully. "The difference between an oyster and an elephant? Well, Mr. Bones, I must confess I don't know."

"Then I should not advise you to go into the oyster business," returned Mr. Bones. "The orchestra will now play 'Ta-ra-ra Rooney.'"—Exchange.

THE DIAMOND DOLLAR

THE FASCINATING MYTH CONNECTED WITH THE COIN OF 1804.

It Is Declared to Be a Fake, as the Government Never Issued Such a Coin—Other Instances of Curious Fraud Practiced Upon Collectors.

A sprucely dressed young fellow, with an air of badly suppressed excitement, walked into a secondhand book store and curio shop on Marietta street Saturday night and laid a silver dollar on the show case.

"What is that worth?" he said to the proprietor.

The man behind the counter examined the coin with an imperturbable countenance. "One dollar," he replied.

"But, man alive!" almost screamed the visitor. "Don't you see the date?"

"Certainly. It's 1804."

The visitor fumbled in his pocket and produced a pamphlet. "Read that," he said, opening it and putting his finger on a certain page. The paragraph he indicated ran as follows:

"The dollar of 1804, the 'diamond dollar,' as it is familiarly termed, is the rarest of all American coins. A very limited number were struck from the dies, and only four are known to be in existence. One is owned by the British museum, one by Mr. E. L. Carpenter, a collector of Boston; one by the Illinois Historical society, and one by Mr. V. Herbert of Roanoke, Va. The last one sold was bid in for $1,500."

The dealer read this deliberately and assumed a tired expression.

"That is pure bosh," he said. "In the first place there is no such thing as an 1804 dollar. I mean a genuine one. Of course there are plenty of dollars with 1804 on them, but it was not put there by the mint. If Mr. Herbert of Roanoke or anybody else ever paid $1,500 for such a coin, they were done to the tune of exactly $1,499. There are eight 1804 dollars right here in Atlanta besides this one. Two are in Mr. Abe Fry's safe, Mr. Ed Brown has four and Mr. Williams two. I would bet that there are at least 50 of them in the state of Georgia. Some of the owners know that they are fakes, and some fondly believe that they have a treasure."

"And you say that the government never coined them?" gasped the visitor.

"I do. I made special inquiry at the United States treasury department at Washington and was informed that no dollars were issued that year. In the collection of coins there, which is of course complete, there is no 1804 dollar. I know that the myth is widespread, but it is a myth all the same. It was started by unscrupulous dealers, and there is a regular factory in New York for running out these dollars. They simply change the date on an 1807 or an 1809 dollar, both of which are comparatively common. They are then sold by private agents. If they were posted in the catalogues for public sale, the fraud would be quickly denounced, but they are worked off on collectors who think they are getting a snap."

The young man sighed and put his dollar in his pocket. "There must be a good deal of fraud of that kind practiced," he said.

"Yes," replied the dealer, "there is. Take for instance the Greenville (Ala.) 5 cent Confederate stamp. No such a stamp was ever issued, yet you can buy them by the hundred. They bring all the way from $1 to $25. The $1,000 Confederate bill is another example. There were exactly seven of these printed, and the plate was then destroyed. It's a long story, but that is the gist of it. One is in the British museum, one in the Astor library at New York and the others are owned by individuals throughout the country, a specimen, by the way, being here in Atlanta. Now, I have had dozens of these bills offered me for sale. There are thousands in collections over the world, all spurious, every one of them. In fact, the fraud practiced in that line would fill a volume."

After the young man went out considerably crestfallen, a reporter, who had overheard the conversation, asked whether there were really many American coins that brought very fancy prices.

"Yes," said the dealer. "Quite a number. There is the 1853 quarter without the arrowheads and rays. The quarter with both of these devices on it is common, but without them is exceedingly scarce and worth several hundred dollars. A very rare coin is the 1803 half penny, but recently several thousand of them were found in Ohio, and the price has dropped to next to nothing.

"Most people," he continued, "labor under the impression that a coin is valuable simply because it is old. Consequently they will hoard up old pennies, nickels and silver pieces that are really only worth their face value. The premium on a coin is not fixed by its age, but by its scarcity. How do coins become scarce? Heaven only knows! It is a great mystery. There are instances of coinage of about equal volume on two consecutive years where specimens from one are as plentiful as blackberries and the other as scarce as hen's teeth. Nobody can explain it—we simply know that it is so. The mysterious disappearance of people which we occasionally read about is not half the enigma that this disappearance of money is. It vanishes from circulation, melts apparently into thin air, and all the fancy prices and big premiums of collectors never succeed in bringing it to life again."—Atlanta Constitution.

Death Rate of Miners.

Seeing the conditions under which coal miners work in hot and dust laden atmosphere and their terrible liability to fatal accident, it might naturally be expected that their death rate would be excessively high. As a matter of fact, this is far from being the case. Even when fatal accident is included, their death rate is by no means an excessively high one, and putting accidents aside the death rate from disease alone is exceptionally low, being almost exactly the same as agricultural laborers.—National Popular Review.

Arctic Iciness.

It is fearfully cold over the line of Alaska on the edge of the Rocky mountains. Last winter the thermometer was for a week at a time down to 60 degrees, and I have seen it go even considerably lower. At no time in the winter, nor during other winters that I have been there, was it higher than 40 degrees. This cold is excruciating. We lived in a solid log house, a good warm one, but many a time I have awakened in the night and found the blankets, which were kept up well under the nose, frozen into a cake of ice. Sometimes the intense cold cakes the blankets for a long distance down.

Meats and everything froze, and you would throw them anywhere without thinking. The worst experience was trying to make bread. The yeast would freeze in spite of you, oftentimes even when the greatest care was exercised. If you stepped out, everything was so still and so intensely cold you could hear yourself breathe. It had a rustling sound.

I discovered a queer thing about the cold, and it was this: Below 40 degrees you didn't notice it any more than 40 degrees. It might go to 60 degrees, or even more, but it made so little difference that you didn't notice it. It was all practically the same to you.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Colossal Rock Camel.

One of the most curious and interesting formations in rock in the world is to be seen a short distance east of the stage road between Tucson and Oracle, and stands on a knoll several feet above the surrounding sand hills.

When first seen, we are told, the effect is startling, and the mind has to get over the shock before the peculiar object can be comprehended. It is a most perfect representation of a camel and is formed of one piece of granite. This curiosity is of colossal size, but perfectly proportioned. It is about 60 feet high and is very white and smooth. There are very few fissures on the surface, and they, strangely, are in the proper places to form features. The only real projection from the surface is exactly placed for an eyebrow. The two humps are plainly to be seen, and the neck is curved beautifully.

Perhaps some of the first discoverers of the sphinx in modern times attributed its authorship to an upheaval of the earth's crust, but everybody in this age knows better. As mediæval man has been traced to Arizona and his methods and implements discovered there in profusion, why should we say that every curious formation bearing the image of some beast or other thing was not his work a thousand years or more ago?—Salt Lake News.

Got the Sparrows Tipsy.

The English sparrows have proved a nuisance in the cotton country, for as soon as the bolls open they pick out the cotton and carry it off, and some planters have lost, as they claim, hundreds of pounds in this way. There is one man, however, on the Mississippi that has not lost much. When he found the sparrows were committing depredations, he procured a quantity of wheat, soaked it in sweetened whisky and strewed it along the rows. The sparrows found it and thought they had a picnic.

So they had, but in 15 or 20 minutes there was the tipsiest lot of English sparrows ever seen on the face of this earth. They rolled about on the ground, falling on their sides and backs and kicking their heels into the air like a parcel of drunkards, all the while uttering the most comical squeaks. They did not have long to squeak, however, for the boys gathered them up and threw them into bags. The first day they gathered two bushels of drunken sparrows. Three or four days later the experiment was repeated with almost equal success, and from time to time since. They made excellent potpie, but the survivors have evidently come to regard the plantation as hoodooed, for now very few come about it.—St. Louis Exchange.

George I and the Stage.

George I was a lover of the stage, and, as his predecessors had done, caused his "servants" to play before him at court. In 1718 his majesty ordered the great hall of Hampton court to be converted for the time into a theater. There, under the direction of Steele, "whose political services had been poorly recompensed by granting him some theatrical privileges," seven performances were given. Among the plays were "Hamlet," "Sir Courtly Nice," "The Constant Couple," "Love For Money," "Volpone" and "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife." Among the players were Colley Cibber, Pinkethman, Johnson, Thurmond, Booth, Mills, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Younger.

In former times the fee paid by the sovereign to his servants for a play acted at Whitehall had been £20. For these plays at Hampton court, King George, besides paying the actors their ordinary day's wage and traveling expenses, gave £350, and added £300 for the managers. The players were required to act at any time upon receiving a day's notice.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Victoria Abhors Tobacco.

Queen Victoria is perhaps the only European sovereign who has a positive aversion to tobacco in all its forms. Woe be to the prince who pollutes the apartments at Windsor with its fumes! Her ministers, too, must be careful. On more than one occasion telegrams have been returned to her foreign secretary with a note from her majesty's private secretary requesting that they be purified, and that in future they may not smell as villainously of tobacco smoke, for her majesty has her ancestress Elizabeth's aversion to "an evil smell."—Exchange.

White House Babies.

The five children besides Baby Esther Cleveland who were born in the White House were also girls. One of these girls, the grandchild of a president, is now employed in one of the departments in Washington, ending, as she began, her days under the government's roof tree.—Harper's Bazar.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

His Various Robes, His Chains and Mace and Swords of State.

The fountain of municipal honor in England undoubtedly springs from the Guildhall, London, which justly claims to be accounted the most ancient of our municipal halls, seeing that the lord mayors of the last eight centuries are, with justice, assumed to have had prototypes in the Roman prefect and the Saxon fortreye or portgrave.

For a considerable number of years the robes of the lord mayor, the court of aldermen and the common councilors have been settled with a precision that none save the most reckless of innovators would presume to disturb. The lord mayor himself has his "gold" robe for the occasion of the annual Guildhall banquet and for the times when he proceeds in state either to the new law courts or to the houses of parliament. The aldermen have their scarlet gowns, the sheriffs their distinctive and very handsome robes and chains, while the common councilors rejoice in gowns called "mazarines," it being generally understood that mazarine is a term for a particular dark blue color, although, according to some lexicographers, mazarine also means a drinking vessel and an old way of dressing fowls.

Then, again, when the sovereign comes into the city the lord mayor is bound to don a robe of crimson or purple velvet trimmed with ermine. At the time of this investiture he wears a massive gold chain, but when he is honored by reelection at the expiration of his term of office he wears two chains. The mace of silver gilt, surmounted by a royal crown and the imperial arms, is carried before the mayor by the authority of the charter of Edward III. While the city possesses no less than four swords, one called the "Pearl," presented by Queen Bess when she opened the first royal exchange, and so called from its being richly set with pearls. This sword precedes the chief magistrate on all occasions of rejoicing and festivity. The sword of state is carried before the lord mayor as an emblem of his sovereignty within the city proper. The "black" sword is used on fast days in Lent and at the death of any member of the royal family, while the fourth sword is that placed close to the lord mayor's chair at the central criminal court.—London Telegraph.

Philosophy of Lamination.

One of the most interesting contributions to practical science has been made by Professor Tyndall in respect to cleavage, or lamination, his researches proving that any material, no matter how plastic or how homogeneous it may be, has within it the condition or the development of cleavage, and that the only external condition necessary to produce lamination is a sufficient degree of pressure exerted in one direction upon the mass. The resulting planes of cleavage will be at right angles with the direction in which the pressure is applied. The philosophy of this effect, as explained, lies in the fact that, as relates to the cohesion of the particles, no substance is strictly homogeneous—that is, the particles, granules or molecules of substances do not possess cohesive power equally in all directions; consequently, when pressure is applied to them, they slide over each other—the sliding surfaces being those of least cohesive power—and move toward a point of less pressure. In the case wherein pressure is applied in one direction only, the sliding will be in a direction at right angles with the direction of the pressure, and thus plates, laminæ or strata, are generated in the mass, the limiting faces of these layers having less cohesion than their interior parts.

Misunderstood.

Tired and hungry, a traveler whom we may call Mr. Smith entered a village inn and ordered a roast chicken. He sat down by the fire and took great comfort in watching the fowl roasting on the spit and in thinking how fine the flavor would be. It was nearly done when a strange looking individual entered the kitchen. His costume was eccentric, but it was undoubtedly that of a great personage.

To the innkeeper he said with an impatient, and, as it seemed to hungry Mr. Smith, an insufferably haughty air, "Well, William, will that chicken be roasted soon?"

"Sir," said Mr. Smith sternly, "that chicken is mine! I ordered it before you."

"What is that to me?" cried the personage harshly.

"What is that to you?" cried Mr. Smith, faint with hunger and just indignation.

Then the intruder spoke again and more gently. He said: "You see, sir, I want the turnspit chain to complete my costume. I am going to represent the Black Prince in an entertainment at the town hall this evening."—Youth's Companion.

False Ideas of the Arabian Horse.

Colonel Dodge brushes away many cherished illusions concerning the Arabian horse in a magazine article on the subject. He asserts that, while the exceptional Arabian is a fine fellow, he does not think that the best Arabian—aside from a certain attractiveness—is nearly as good as the best hunter, the best trotter, the best racer or the best saddle horse of England or America. "And I am quite sure," adds this accomplished horseman, "that I would stake my money on 100 bronchos of the American plains against 100 Arabians of the Syrian desert on a pull of 100 or 200 miles under conditions fair to each." The average Arabian, he notes, is so small as to be useless for any but light performance.—Pittsburg Times.

The Tarantula.

The sting of the tarantula (a name derived from Taranto, a town in Italy), the most venomous of spiders, was popularly supposed to produce a disease called "tarantism," which could be cured only by music or dancing, and the dance which cured it was called "tarantella." You can see the peasants dance the tarantella now, but without waiting for spider bites.—St. Nicholas

'TIS USELESS TO REGRET.

We've done the best we could, my dear.
There's nothing to regret.
We've taught the children many truths
On which our hearts were set.
And if against our old time ways
They foolishly protest
We never need regret, my dear,
That we have done our best.

There's many a plan that's come to naught,
There's many a light gone out,
And disappointments, griefs and cares
Have hedged us roundabout.
And many a sad mistake we've made
Throughout our lives, and yet
We've done the very best we could—
'Tis useless to regret.

For out of evil good has come,
And out of darkness light,
And all wrongdoing in this world
Some day will be set right.
And though we have not reached the height
Attained by others, yet
We've done the best we could, my dear—
'Tis useless to regret.

We've tried to live like honest folks,
To do our duty well,
'Gainst evil things to take our stand,
In goodness to excel.
So judge yourself not harshly, dear,
Nor at misfortunes fret.
We've done the best we could, and so
'Tis useless to regret.
—Eagle and County Cork Advertiser.

She Followed His Lead.

There were seats enough for all except one young man, whose party of two pairs sat down near the door. It was the high spirits of this group doubtless that prompted the suggestion by one of them that the standing young man should sit in the lap of his young woman for greater comfort. This he promptly did, and not being repulsed sat there with great content to himself.

At Reade street a young Irish girl boarded the car. It was evident to every one that she was recently landed, well intentioned and little informed.

She stood at the door a minute and looked bewildered up and down the filled seats. Then her eye fell upon a young man sitting at ease in a young woman's lap. She darted forward, and before any one had the slightest idea of her intention she seated herself respectfully but firmly on the lap of the other young man.

It was hard to tell which was the funniest, the agitation of the young man, the calm of the young woman or the hysterical laughter of the colored girl in the corner, who explained to the passengers between her peals:

"She t'inks dem as comes fust sits on de seats, an dem as comes next sits on de people."

Which was evidently just what she did think until the conductor came to the rescue.—New York Recorder.

Acute Vision of Birds.

Birds have very acute vision—perhaps the most acute of any creature—and the sense is almost more widely diffused over the retina than is the case with man; consequently a bird can see objects sideways as well as in front of it. A bird sees—showing great uneasiness in consequence—a hawk long before it is visible to man. So, too, fowls and pigeons find minute scraps of food, distinguishing them from what appear to us exactly similar pieces of earth or gravel. Young chickens are also able to find their own food, knowing its position and how distant it is as soon as they are hatched, whereas a child only very gradually learns either to see or to understand the distance of an object. Several birds—apparently the young of all those that nest on the ground—can see quite well directly they come out of the shell, but the young of birds that nest in trees or on rocks are born blind and have to be fed.—Chambers' Journal.

A Remarkable Bridge.

It is reported from Denver that a natural bridge formed by a tree of agatized wood, spanning a canyon 45 feet wide, has been found in Chalcedony park in Arizona. It is supposed that the tree had at some remote time fallen, when it became imbedded in the silt of some great inland sea or mighty water overflow. The silt became in time sandstone, and the wood gradually passed through the stages of mineralization, until now it is a wonderful tree of solid agate. Geologists, in after years, water has washed and eaten away the sandstone until a canyon 45 feet in width has been formed, the flintlike substances of the agatized wood having resisted the erosion of the waterflow.—Yankee Blade.

Charles V.

Charles V had epileptic attacks during his youth. He stammered. He retreated to a monastery, where he had the singular fantasy of celebrating his own funeral rites in his own presence. His mother, Jane of Castile, was insane and deformed. His grandfather, Ferdinand of Aragon, died at the age of 63 in a state of profound melancholia.—New York Times.

The fall is the time of the year when the country demand for broken down street car horses is the greatest. During the cold weather the animals get used to their rural surroundings, recuperate, have only enough exercise to keep them in condition, and by spring are able to accomplish the heavier tasks of plowing and harrowing.

A hundred and fifty years ago unmarried as well as married women were styled "Mrs." Girls were called "Miss" until they left school, when they took rank as "Mrs.," while married women were very generally addressed as "Madam."

Miss Jessie Ackermann, the second round the world missionary and president of the Australian W. C. T. U., has completed her trip. It occupied four years, during which time she traversed over 100,000 miles.

Since the conquest there have been 24 wars between England and France. In the last war, between 1803 and 1815, it is estimated the total destruction of human life amounted to 1,200,000.

To believe one's self more cunning than others is a mistake. The fox is more cunning than an ass, but there are more foxskins in a furrier's store than asskins.

PERFECT PHYSICAL REPOSE.

A Firm Hair Mattress Rather Than a Feather Bed Promotes It.

There is an old story of an Indian and a "paleface," who, after a long day's journey, lay down in a deserted cabin at nightfall to rest. The Indian, wrapping himself in his blanket, stretched himself on the floor of the cabin with his feet to the fire and was soon asleep. His companion meantime has espied a feather bed in another room, and congratulating himself on his discovery jumped in and was also soon in a doze.

With the first rays of the morning light the Indian rose refreshed and ready for the day's task. He went to arouse his comrade, when, lo! he found him dead from the exhaustion of the previous day.

Luxurious repose is never true physical rest.

To enjoy that blessing to its fullest extent freedom from restraint must be allowed every part of the body. A firm surface is required—one that will tend to keep the body stretched out at full length, that the lungs and heart may feel no sense of restriction by compression of the chest walls, and that the blood may have uninterrupted course in every direction.

We should never be guilty of supposing that the person whom we saw sitting in a chair with his chin pressing on his sunken chest was enjoying true physical rest, no matter how fast asleep he might appear to be.

The tendency of the body to gravitate toward the lowest part of a feather bed is beyond remedy.

In this position the whole body is often so curled up that no one part is free from constriction. The chest walls are caved in, and the whole body suffers from the consequent lack of proper oxygenation of the blood and the restriction which is placed upon its general circulation. The blood moves sluggishly, and as a result the condition of "fat and flabby" is superinduced.

This condition is never likely to follow the constant use of a firm hair mattress, for the blood has no chance to get dropsical from too sluggish a circulation.

Perfect physical repose, like perfect physical activity, is dependent upon a proper equilibrium of the bodily functions during slumber.

The story of the Indian and the white man might easily have been founded on fact.—Youth's Companion.

How to Know a Caxton.

Title pages were unknown till after 1491. There must be no Roman or Italic lettering, but all in Gothic or old English. There must be no commas, but an oblique stroke in their place. Further, there must be no catchwords at the bottom of the page. The use of these, long gone out of fashion, did not come into vogue till years after Caxton's death.

There are other tests necessary, such as the measurement of the lines, for some of the type used was imitated pretty closely by Caxton's successors. It is clear, however, that during his career Caxton only used six kinds of type. The first, distinctly foreign in its character, was used by him at Bruges in the printing of "The Recuyell of the Histories of Troye" and in the first edition of "The Game and Playe of the Chesse." This style was never used in England. The second style, such as in "The Moral Proverbs" and "Tulle of Olde Age," printed in 1477 and 1481 respectively, was beautiful and artistic. It follows a design of manuscript which obtained the name of Gros Batarde, common in use in the fifteenth century. Several books were written in this manner under the order of Edward IV and are now to be seen in the British museum.

Looking at the dates when Caxton's books were issued and the types he used, it is evident he did not make new type till the old was worn out. A pretentious style came next in 1483, very bold in its character. It is problematical whether there is a book in this type; the only examples we have of it at present are in headlines.—Chambers' Journal.

A Quick Recovery.

The doctor of a hospital ship complained to a visitor of a lazy colored man whom he could do nothing with. "We don't like to throw the rascal out, but it is easily seen he is only shamming."

"Well, doctor," said the visitor, after a little reflection, "lend me a few yards of string and that nigger will be miles away before night."

He got the twine, and putting on a melancholy air he went to the darky's berth.

"Very bad!" he said.

"Yes, massa," replied Sambo. "Dreb-ful sick."

The visitor made no further remark, but placed one end of the twine at his head and drew it slowly—very slowly—until it reached his toes. Then he measured him across the chest. The fellow looked the picture of astonishment and terror and gasped:

"What dis for?"

"My poor fellow, the doctor knows you are not going to recover, and it is only an expense keeping you here without any chance of doing you good. I have just been taking your measure"—here he lowered his voice still more—"for a coffin. We'll bury you with honors tomorrow. It's the custom here in a case like yours. 'Tis best for all hands, you know."

No one knew how or when the negro got clear of the hospital ship, but there was no trace of him in the morning.—London Tit-Bits.

In Bad Company.

Learned Judge (severely)—John Jones, the jury have taken a very lenient view of the case. You have had a very narrow escape, and it should be a lifelong warning to you. After this you ought to keep away from bad company.

John Jones—Yes, yer honor, ye won't see me here again in a hurry.—Judy.

Impudence.

Ethel—Why don't you acknowledge the bow of the gentleman who just passed?

Yvette—The impudence of him! He was presuming on the fact that we are engaged.—Chicago News.

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County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 406 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

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Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; J J Adamson, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Roger wisch, Ill.

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Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4305 Wentworth-av Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

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Div 9—P O Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 2020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4420 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

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Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third sts.

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Div 22—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeoghegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Harwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Doran, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 31—Thos J Fitzpatrick, Pres, 2717 Wentworth av; Thos Kelley, V P; James Gannon, R S, 3756 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

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St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 509 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonins church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riely, 4050 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 490 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 92 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Elsler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbaugh; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 105 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 210 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 875 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 123 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 239 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J Tierney. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Keddie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3500 Went Worth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schaegemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

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St George No 48—C R, John Fleckenstein, 2853 Bonfield st; R S, Hubert Hartig, 2330 Lyman st; F S, J P Greenewald; T, M Franz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at Thirty-first and Boniface sts.

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Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face. Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12 00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14 33. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $36.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15 THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

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The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $50.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39 Gold filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12 25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham or Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 44, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch, whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, in a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid co

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ESTATE OF ROBERT FITZGIBBONS, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Robert Fitzgibbons, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1894, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, October 27, 1893.

WILLIAM KIRBY,
Administrator of said estate.

David Sullivan Attorney for estate.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO.

ESTATE OF JOACHIM KRAATZ, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Joachim Kraatz, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of December, A.D. 1893, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, October 28, 1893.

WILHELMINA KRAATZ,
Administratrix.

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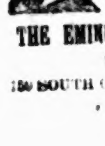

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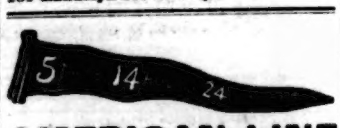

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3-lb cans Valley California Yellow Peaches	12 cents	1.44
3-lb cans West Coast California Yellow Peaches	13 cents	1.50
3-lb cans Gold Spike California Yellow Peaches	14 cents	1.60
3-lb cans Pasadena Crawford California Peaches	18 cents	2.10
3-lb cans Madronia Lemon Cling Cal. Peaches	19 cents	2.15
3-lb cans Valley California Pears	12½ cents	1.50
3-lb cans Sunset California Pears	15 cents	1.65
3-lb cans Criterion California Apricots	12½ cents	1.50
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3-lb cans California Muscat Grapes	12½ cents	1.50
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2-lb cans Plymouth Rock Sliced Pineapples	15 cents	1.60
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